LADIES' JOURNAL

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TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1884.

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At the solicitation of many friends TRUTH announces one more—the final—Bible competition. Owing to the fact of so many valuable rewards going to citizens of Toronto, this competition will be open only to persons living outside the city of Toronto. Any one residing in any other part of the habitable world will be eligible to compete for these magnificents rewards. The questions—which are supplied by an eminent Presbyterian minister—are very difficult, but the rewards are valuable. Everything offered in previous competitions has been promptly and cheerfully handed over to the successful ones the moment they are known. Full and complete lists of all those who gain rewards are given in TRUTH the week following the close of each competition. There will be no change, and no postponement in any way; everything will be carried out exactly as stated.

HERE ARE THE QUESTIONS.

1.—Where is GOLD first made mention of in the Bible?

2.—Where does it first state in the Bible that there was ONLY ONE LANGUAGE AND ONE PERSON on the whole earth?

3.—Where is INN first referred to in the Bible? (By the word inn is meant a place of rest or refreshment commonly known now as an hotel.)

Every one competing must send one dollar with their answers, for six months' subscription to TRUTH. And aside from the rewards themselves, they will find that they have made the best investment of one dollar they ever did. TRUTH is full and big value for the money. Bear in mind that you pay nothing extra for the privilege of competing for these costly rewards, and you will get TRUTH for six months in any case for your one dollar, which is the regular subscription price, and will also get one of these rewards, provided your answers are correct, and reach TRUTH office in time. Don't delay.

Read the great list of

FIRST REWARDS.

1 and 2.—Two Elegant Grand Square Rosewood Pianos, by the celebrated makers, Stevenson & Co.	$1,100 00
3.—One celebrated "Bell" Organ, the finest organ makers in Canada..	250 00
4.—One beautiful quadruple-plated Silver Tea Set	100 00
5.—One Gentleman's Genuine Elgin Stem winding and Stem-setting, latest style, Solid Gold, Hunting Case Watch	100 00
6.—One Lady's Solid Gold Hunting Case Genuine Elgin Watch, latest style	95 00
7 to 16.—Ten renowned Williams' Singer Sewing Machines	650 00
17 to 26.—Ten Gentleman's beautiful Stem Coin Silver Hunting-case Watches	200 00
27 to 31.—Five Ladies' beautiful Solid Coin Silver Hunting-case Watches	150 00
32 to 51.—Twenty Waterbury Watches	100 00
52 to 103.—Fifty-two volumes Universal Cyclopedia. An excellent work	156 00
104 to 200.—Ninety seven Ladies' Beautiful Solid Rolled Gold Brooches latest style patterns, splendid value	194 00
201 to 252.—Fifty-two Elegant Triple-plated Butter Knives	52 00

The above magnificent list of awards will be given to the first two hundred and fifty-two persons who send correct answers to each of the three Bible questions given above. Then follows the big list of

MIDDLE REWARDS.

1.—FIVE ACRES OF BEAUTIFULLY SITUATED LAND, adjoining the corporation of Niagara Falls, free from all incumbrance, clear title, splendidly situated for fruit raising, sloping gently towards the south, overlooking the town, and within sound of the great cataract; not a stump or an uneven foot of ground in it: land on opposite side of road held at 21,000 per acre	$3,000 00
2.—One Beautiful Square Grand Rosewood Piano, by Stevenson & Co	550 00
3.—One Elegant Cabinet Organ, by the celebrated firm of Bell & Co	250 00
4.—One Beautiful Silver Tea Service best made, quadruple plate, six pieces	100 00
5.—One Gentleman's Genuine Elgin Watch, Stem-winding and Stem-Setting, h. c.	100 00
6.—One Lady's Hunting-case Watch Stem-winding and Stem-Setting	95 00
7 to 12.—Six beautiful heavy black corded Silk Dress Patterns	300 00
13 to 18.—Five celebrated Williams' Singer Sewing Machines	325 00
9 to 26.—Eight Solid Coin Silver Hunting case Watches	168 00
27 to 30.—Four quadruple-plated Silver plated Teapots, latest designs	50 00
31 to 41.—Eleven Solid Coin Silver Hunting-case Watches	231 00
42 to 59.—Eighteen Solid Nickle Silver Watches, American Movement	270 00
60 to 111.—Fifty-two volumes Chambers' Etymological Dictionary	156 00
112 to 359.—Two Hundred and forty-seven Ladies' Solid Rolled Gold Brooches, new and elegant designs	494 00
360 to 505.—One hundred and forty-five Silver-plated Butter Knives	145 00

These five acres of land above described will be given to the person sending the *middle correct answer* of the whole competition, from first to last. The five hundred and four costly articles, beginning with the piano, that follow No. 1 of the middle rewards, will be given to the five hundred and four persons who send the next correct answers following the middle or centre reward that takes the farm. The land mentioned above could be divided into building lots and sold to great advantage, as there are no vacant houses in the town of Clifton or Niagara Falls, as it is now called. Then, that even the last may not feel that they are to be left out, TRUTH will give a series of

CONSOLATION REWARDS.

1.—Beginning with another of those fine pianos, by Stevenson & Co., which have been received with so much satisfaction by prize winners in previous competitions	$550 00
2.—Then follows another Bell Organ..	250 00
3.—Another Silver Tea Set, 6 pieces, best quadruple plate	100 00
4.—Gentleman's Solid Gold Genuine Elgin Watch	100 00
5.—Lady's Solid Gold Genuine Elgin Watch	95 00
6.—One celebrated "New Home" Sewing Machine	65 00
7 to 11.—Five Beautiful heavy Black Silk Dresses	250 00
12 to 29.—Eighteen Solid Coin Silver Watches	450 00
30 to 41.—Twelve Ladies' Solid Coin Silver Hunting-case Watches	340 00
42 to 57.—Sixteen Solid Nickle Silver Watches	240 00
58 to 71.—Fourteen renowned Waterbury Watches	70 00
72 to 209.—One hundred and thirty-eight elegantly bound volumes of Universal Cyclopedia	414 00
210 to 311.—One hundred and two Ladies' Fine Rolled Gold Pins or Brooches	204 00
312 to 401.—Ninety Solid Triple Silver-plated Butter Knives	90 00

The further you live from Toronto the better you can compete for these last or consolation rewards. Bear in mind that it is the *last* correct answer received at the office of TRUTH that gets number one of these consolation rewards. The offer is open till the 15th September, and as long as your letter bears the postmark, *where mailed*, of the date of 15th September, it will take its place in the order received at TRUTH Office. Fifteen days after date of closing will be allowed for letters from distant points to reach Toronto, but don't forget that your letter must not bear a *later postmark* than September 15th. All competing must send with their answers one dollar for six months' subscription to TRUTH, which will be sent to any desired address. Wherever you live, outside Toronto, you can compete at any time between *now* and the closing day for either the first or middle rewards, and as well as, of course, for the consolation rewards. Some one will get those five acres of land—why not you? Look up your Bible now and see if you can find the answers to these questions. It will do you good, apart from the opportunity you have of obtaining a valuable reward in addition to TRUTH, which alone is good value for the one dollar. It consists of 28 pages of choice and pure reading matter for the home circle—something to interest every member of the family. The publisher could not afford to give these valuable rewards unless he was certain of your patronage in years to come, and you are almost certain to become life subscribers to TRUTH if you take it for six months, it is such a splendid weekly (not monthly magazine.

SPECIAL CLUB OFFER.

If twenty-five persons join and send $50, each one of the twenty-five whose answers are correct will get their choice of solid-rolled gold brooch, new and elegant design, worth at retail two dollars; a Chambers' Etymological Dictionary, worth about same amount; a World's Universal Cyclopædia, or a volume elegantly bound of Shakespeare's Complete Works. Of course each of the club will have the same opportunity of gaining one of the rewards in the regular list (in addition to the certainty of one of the prizes aforesaid), as though they had sent in singly. This is simply an extra inducement to clubs.

The rewards in last competition were very widely scattered over Ontario and Quebec. In fact, every province was represented in the list, not excepting British Columbia. A great many also went to the States.

No information will be given to any one beyond what has above been stated. So don't waste time by waiting, but send in your answers and money *now*. If you happen to be too late for the first, you may be fortunate enough to obtain a middle reward, and that is where the biggest ones are. TRUTH directs special attention to the fact clergymen are not permitted to compete, neither are persons who in previous competitions won prizes exceeding one hundred dollars in value, and as no Torontonians are allowed to compete, the field is now open for a fair and square race for these rewards to any one, on the habitable globe, outside Toronto. No money will be received by telegraph, or in any way but through the postoffice or by express. One dollar only required. Try your skill. You are sure of good value for your money anyway. Address S. Frank Wilson, TRUTH Office, 33 and 35 Adelaide street, Toronto, Canada.

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Is a genuine preparation which is guaranteed to produce a luxuriant growth of hair in six weeks. In bottles safely packed to any address for $1.00.

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410 to 430 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.

The Verdict of Experts.

"Fetch in your corpse," demanded the foreman of a Texas coroner's jury.

The body was laid before them.

The jury made a careful examination, and questioned the attending surgeon.

"Whar was he shot?"

"Square through the heart."

"Dead in the centre o' the heart?"

"Right in the centre."

"Who shot him?"

"Jack Daniels."

A dozen witnesses declared Jack fired the shot, and Jack himself admitted it.

The jury consulted softly for some time.

"Well gentleman of the jury," said the coroner. "What is your verdict?"

"Waal Jedge, we've come to the conclusion that Jack Daniels is ther dandiest shot in these parts, and don't you git it."

THE LADIES' JOURNAL.

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ILLUSTRATED DESIGNS.

The new models, to which we direct special attention, will be found very stylish, yet very practicable, well adapted to early fall wear, and all the materials in vogue at this season. The "Nemida" is a very good style, that has all the effects of the Princess dress while consisting of a well-covered skirt and basque. The front is square and draped above a narrow plaiting placed upon the foundation skirt; the trimming may be embroidery, braid, or passementerie. The back is plaited and held underneath by tapes sewed across. It is surmounted by a butterfly drapery fastened to the back of the basque, which is short and finished to match the skirt. One of the prettiest models of the season is the "Livia." It consists of a skirt gathered and plaited to a yoke, and a short polonaise with full-plaited vest and gracefully arranged hip and back drapery. A straight gathered piece, put on at the back, forms an extension of this drapery, and is made of the same material, if there is a combination as in the illustrated model. The "Rochdale" costume may be made up in silk or in light woolens; it is not suitable for heavy materials. It consists of basque and puffed skirt over which a wide scarf is draped. A "Newport" scarf may be arranged to form this drapery with very good effect. The combination of plain and checked or wafered wool looks well, or checked wool may be used over a silk skirt, the basque and drapery of the same material, and velvet for the vest and for the ribbon loops.

A very handsome combination dress for plain and figured materials will be found in the anion of the "Cristobel" skirt with the "Ailsa" basque. The arrangement of the drapery over the plaited skirt is novel and very effective, admitting of the use of the light tapestry figured materials, or striped gauze over tinted silk or satin. The basque is pointed in front and laced with cords over a plaited vest which should match the kilted skirt in color. A more youthful style of the same kind can be arranged from the conjunction of the "Caleta" overskirt with the "Thyrza" basque. The principal skirt in the design shows the "Accordion" plaiting, which is a revival of a method used many, many years ago, and which may be seen in some of the magnificent dresses left as heirlooms in wealthy families, but is principally applied nowadays to the plain woollens for the school and street dresses of young girls, for whom the fine plaiting is attached to a hip yoke which is concealed by the "Jersey," or a drapery more or less like that of the "Caleta."

AUTUMN DRESSES.

FIG. 1.—The "Pauline" costume is among the prettest patterns for a miss. The plain dark garnet cashmere is set off by the fancy plaid goods which is used to face the lower edge of the flounce, and also forms the pointed bodice. The plain material is used for the guimpe and also for the sleeves, which are full at the top and gathered into deep cuffs of garnet velvet. Full undersleeves of white mull finish the sleeves. The bodice is sharply pointed both in the front and back. The front drapery is full and the lower edge is sewed in a reversed manner over the top of the flounce, while the upper part is laid in plaits at the belt, thereby forming a puff. The back drapery is similarly arranged, but is looped in a very bouffant manner. The tucked flounces is faced with plaid to the depth of six inches, and is arranged in a wide box-plait in front, while the remainder is laid in side plaits entirely covering the foundation skirt. Any two fabrics that contrast well together may be combined in this way. Patterns in sizes from fourteen and sixteen years. Price, twenty cents each.

FIG. 2.—This represents the "Mara" polonaise made in slate-colored camel's hair arranged over a black velveteen skirt. The polonaise is tight fitting with a full Moliere vest of grey silk, over which the outer fronts are closed with ornamental loops of black silk cord. The fronts are cut with extensions below the waist line, which are laid in overlapping plaits producing a noval and stylish effect, and the back is gracefully draped. A narrow protective plaiting of silk is placed on the bottom of the plain velveteen skirt. The polonaise is not only stylish and becoming, but very practical, and it is adapted to all kinds of dress goods, and may be worn either with a skirt of the same or a contrasting material. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

The "Thyrza" basque is very pretty and has a particularly becoming feature in the arrangement of the front, which buttons at the throat and waist-line over a full vest. The design is charming for white nun's veiling or albatross cloth with coral-red figured drapery and red silk vest.

The only polonaise given is the "Mara," This garment is tight-fitting, open in front, and trimmed with festooned cords over a full skirt. The drapery is arranged by a series of simple loopings.

There is great diversity in materials this season, and designs should be selected with reference to the character of those preferred. Poplins, granites, and silky mohairs are revived, while the soft, gracefully draping fabrics still hold their own, and the constant improvement in the manufacture of velveteens leads to the conviction that it will still more largely displace the higher grades of silk velvet than it has done already. Autumn plaids show a combination of beautiful dark lines and shadings.

LAWN TENNIS COSTUMES.

A very pretty costume for lawn tennis is a box-plaited skirt of white flannel. A wide scarf of netted macrame cord forms a short apron drapery in front, and is carelessly tied at the back. The plain waist has a collar and cuffs of the netted cord, and a scarf of the same is tied around the crown of a white rough straw sailor hat; a bunch of red and white pompons are on one side. The skirt is faced with red, and a tiny edge of it is allowed to show on the right side. Macrame lace on black velvet dresses is very stylish for watering-places. Another tennis costume has a violet and white striped petticoat, with waist and overdress of plain violet; on the collar and cuffs of white kid (or fine leather) two tennis sockets crossed are embroidered in gold thread. Two wide gros-grain ribbons trim the sailor hat, the floating ends being embroidered to match the collar and cuffs.

"Jury," said a western judge, "you ken go out and find a verdict. If you can't find one of your own, get the one the last jury used." The jury returned with a verdict of "Suicide in the ninth degree."

The New York *Commercial Advertiser* thoughtlessly discourages the bill-collecting business by telling of a Jersey City woman who soused a dun "with boiling water," and remarked that "Mrs. Hanley takes the dipper."

The late Empress Maria Anna of Austria bequeathed a rare and valuable legacy to the treasury of the Dom of Prague, consisting of a magnificent bouquet of thirteen golden roses in a golden vase of old Roman workmanship. The vase stands on a square pedestal, likewise of pure gold.

A FOOTLIGHT FAVORITE.

CHAPTER I.

"I will not dream of her tall and stately,
She whom I love may be fairly light;
I will not say she should walk sedately,
Whatever she does, is well surely be right.

"But she must be courteous she must be kindly,
Pure in her spirit, the maiden I love;
Whether her birth be noble or lowly
I care no more than the spirit above.

'But I'll give my heart to the lady's keeping,
And ever her strength on mine shall lean
And the stars shall fail and the angels be weeping,
Ere I cease to love her, my queen, my queen!'

The rich barytone voice rose clearly, filling the great untidy studio with melody; then, as it died away, Mark Stretton drew back from his easel and contemplated the picture thereon with dreamy, meditative dark eyes, in which lingered a world of tenderness and love.

The room in which he stood was a large and lofty one, with a good north light, let in by a skylight-window overhead; and it was built out from the back of an old fashioned house in the neighbourhood of Russel Square—a house with low wide rooms and rambling passages, badly-shutting doors, and windows with quaint little panes of thick greenish glass, but which, notwithstanding these drawbacks, looked comfortable and homelike.

The studio was a modern addition, built by Mark Stretton himself, about a year or so before the gray winter's day on which he was singing "My Queen" between the pauses of his work. He had occupied the old house for some years; but until the last two Mark's funds had not permitted him the luxury of a real studio, such as he possessed now.

And a real studio it was, in its artistic litter and picturesque untidiness, with its statuettes and bronzes, and lay figures and quaint vases and fantastic draperies, and all the other paraphernalia which are part and parcel of every artist's stock-in-trade, while portfolios bursting with sketches and unfinished pictures, with their faces turned to the wall, spoke for the industry of the studio's occupant.

He was a big, loosely-built man who wore his velveteen painting-coat with an air of careless grace, and who looked as if it would be impossible for him to feel at ease in the conventional frock-coat and chimney-pot hat of civilisation. He was not handsome, for his features were irregular, almost rugged, and his dark gray thoughtful eyes very deep-set under their heavy black brows; but there was something singularly and unusually attractive about his face. He looked so strong and yet so gentle, so true and steadfast, and earnest, that even strangers passing the big, carelessly-attired man in the streets were compelled to turn and look at him, and give him a passing thought as well as glance.

Mark Stretton always looked to most advantage in his painting-coat; and, as the fire-light fell upon him, it lighted up a picturesque and thoroughly artistic figure, his thick dark hair pushed carelessly back from his broad lined forehead, and just a suspicion of a smile peeping from under his heavy moustache.

"It is like her of course," he said softly to himself, as he stood contemplating his work—"like her undoubtedly; but not even Millais himself could give her face its full beauty, because," he added dreamily, "its chief beauty lies in those charming expressions of hers. I suppose really, if one went by strict rules and canons of beauty, she is not beautiful; but I never heard any man question her rights to be called so yet."

It would have been difficult to do so if the original of the picture resembled her portrait, for the face upon which Mark's eyes rested so tenderly was a very charming one. Chestnut hair curling over a broad white brow, great dark velvety eyes, lips a little proud perhaps, but not the less tender and sweet for their pride, were its chief characteristics; but a close observer would have thought more of its expression than of its features, so earnest and thoughtful was it, so proud, yet so gentle, so bright, yet with a subtle tinge of sadness and melancholy.

"I think it will do us both good," he said, drawing near the picture again, and touching with his brush the soft folds of velvet on the canvas. "Not that she needs anything to increase her fame, my pretty child; she is already only too famous, I think sometimes."

He ended with a little sigh, and there was a shadow on his brow; then, as he resumed his work, it disappeared; and he went on painting cheerfully and steadily, with a happy, dreaming, expectant look in his dark gray eyes and an expression on his lips as if they held some happy secret. After a little silence, he began to sing again, in a tender minor key this time.

"She is coming, my dove, my dear;
She is coming, my life, my fate.
The red rose cries 'She is near,'
And the white rose weeps 'She is late,'
The lark pauses—'I hear, I hear,'
And the lily whispers, 'I wait.'

"She is coming, my own, my sweet;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat
Were it earth in an earthly bed;
My dust would hear her and beat,
Had I lain for a century dead—
Would start and tremble under her feet,
And bloom in purple and red."

Two little gloved hands were laid lightly upon his shoulder; and, as he glanced upwards with a slight flush colouring his dark skin, he met a pair of lovely smiling eyes like those on the canvas before him. He gave a little exclamation of surprise as he rose to greet her, with a swift look of joy in his gray eyes, before which Leslie Scott's eyes dropped a little, and when she lifted them again there was a troubled wistful expression in them which had not been there before.

"Mark, I hope I have not detained you," she said in a rich low voice, "I am sorry to be late, but we do not seem to get on with our rehearsal at all. It is a bitter morning! What a grand fire you have!"

She had given him her hand in greeting and had passed on to the fire, kneeling down on the Turkey rug thrown down before it, and holding out her hands to the blaze with a little shiver, while the ruddy light of the fire seemed to like to linger on her rich furs and graceful bowed head, turning her chestnut hair into rich red gold.

"You are cold, my dear?" Mark said gently.

"Just a little; the theatre was not properly heated. Do you know, Mark"—turning to him with a little laugh—"Mr. Grainger thinks my dress so very becoming that he wants me to wear something in the same style in our new play."

She had removed her hat and jacket by this time, and stood, a slight, graceful figure, clad in a quaintly cut dress of Venetian red velvet, with a Vandyke collar round her throat, her elbow-sleeves trimmed with rich old point-lace; and certainly no more becoming dress could have been chosen for the wearer, from whom it may be that it borrowed much of its grace and charm.

"This is my last sitting, Mark, is it not?" she asked, as she crossed the room in her soft unrustling draperies and sat down in the high-backed arm-chair, turning her face to the light as she did so.

"The picture can be finished without you now," he answered with a little sigh—the sittings had been hours of unmixed happiness to Mark Stretton. "I dare say you are glad, dear; they must have been a tax to you, and you have so much to do always. How are the girls, Leslie?"

"All well," she replied, smiling. "Dora busy as usual, Jenny practising fiercely, and Madge going to her work so bravely every morning!"

Mark glanced at her quickly, wondering if she remembered how hard she had toiled herself, and how uncomplainingly, for five long years, enduring, not the smiles and affection of two sunny-haired, blue-eyed pupils, but the labour and discouragement and hard study and the jealousy and dislike and admiration worse than either, which must fall to the lot of an actress. But there was no recollection of those trials on her face as the light fell upon it.

She was pale, certainly, and her cheeks had lost some of their girlish roundness, and sometimes, but not this morning, her lips had a pathetic little droop; but to-day her face seemed to have a new softness and tenderness which Mark had sometimes given it in his dreams, but which he had never before seen here. There was something wonderfully sweet in the set of the red lips.

"I am afraid you are a little bit glad, Leslie."

She looked up, starting a little as his voice broke the silence which had fallen upon the room.

"Glad!" she repeated in a puzzled tone. "Why am I glad, Mark?"

"Because your sittings are over."

"But I am not glad!" she said eagerly. "I am so fond of this dear old room"—glancing around the studio with an affectionate smile. "It is such a charming place, and I often think of the pleasant times we have all spent here, and our delightful afternoon teas, and——Why are you looking at me so steadily Mark?"

"May not an artist look at this model?" he asked, smiling a little at the startled look which had come into her eyes as she asked the question. "And there is something unusual about you to-day," he went on meditatively. "You are not the Leslie of last week. I believe it is because you have your gloves on, and I am accustomed to see your arm bare."

"Oh, I have left my gloves on?" she said hurriedly, colouring vividly all over the creamy pallor of her face. "I did—I will take them off."

She had on long tan-coloured *Suede* gloves, covering all her arm, which had been left bare by the short sleeves of her dress, and, as she spoke, she began pulling off the glove from her little right hand with rather unsteady fingers, the colour coming and going in her face, as she did so.

"That seems a work of difficulty," he remarked, marvelling a little at the perturbation visible in her manner, usually so calm and self possessed. "Perhaps you had better not trouble to take them off, Leslie."

The right handed glove was removed by this time; she paused then, glancing at him with a relieved expression on her face.

"You can manage without?" she said dubiously.

"Certainly; the arm is finished, Leslie."

"There was a short silence then; the tender light had died out of her face, leaving it thoughtful and somewhat grave, and she was absently pulling the fingers of the gloves she held. Once or twice, glancing up at her suddenly, Mark saw her eyes fixed upon him with a wistful questioning expression, but when their glances met she coloured slightly and dropped her eyes again on to the little glove. After a time, her silence and abstraction being so unusual, he in his turn glanced at her questioningly, and then as if answering that mute inquiry, she began to talk eagerly about the new play which they were rehearsing and the superb scenery on which Mr. Grainger was sparing no expense.

"I think it will be a success, after all she said, "and my part suits me exactly; you know Mr. Robson wrote it for me, so I shall have one more *role* to add to my *repertoire*."

"Only one! You speak as if you were going to give up the stage, Leslie, and I suppose nothing would induce you to do that?"

"Do I?" she said, with a laugh and another sudden vivid blush, which faded, leaving her very pale, though she made no other answer to his speech, but went on chatting gaily about the play and giving him some quotations from it which had struck her. Had Mark Stretton been less absorbed just then, he might have thought that she seemed anxious to prevent him from speaking much to her, and have noticed the almost feverish gaiety of her manner.

A quaint Dresden china clock on a bracket struck one, and Leslie started a little and rose. Mark, from his seat at the easel, glanced over at her and smiled.

"I told you you were glad," he said gently as he rose also and followed her to the fire.

For perhaps a minute they stood together in silence on the Turkey rug, the artist very pale and grave and earnest, his heart throbbing fast, his lips quivering a little under the heavy moustache, the actress a little flushed and with an expression of wistful anxiety in the depths of her beautiful eyes.

"When are you coming to the "Sisterhood'?" she asked abruptly.

"I have come very often," he returned, smiling. "Too often I think sometimes, when I am afraid of wearing out my welcome."

"As if you could do that, Mark!" she said indignantly. "As if by any possibility you could do that!"

"That is a kind speech, Leslie," he answered unsteadily.

"Reward me for it by coming soon," she rejoined, smiling, then added earnestly—"Oh, Mark, you know we have no friend so kind and true and faithful as you have been all these years."

"Leslie!"

He caught her hands in his as he uttered her name, and held them closely and tenderly as he went on hurriedly—

"Leslie, may I tell you now what I have wanted to tell you many times during our long friendship——But—what is it, dear? Have I startled you with my rough ways?"

She was very pale now; even the sweet quivering lips were white, but she spoke quickly.

"In one minute; let me tell you something first, Mark. Dora wanted to write to you, but I thought I would like to tell you myself."

Tears were in the sweet eyes now—tears which made his heart beat more quickly, although, seeing them, he might have guessed.

"What is it, Leslie?" he said, smiling down at her, and without a word she drew her hands away, and slowly, with reluctant little fingers, she began pulling off the other glove which still remained on the left hand. There was so much meaning in the manner in which she did it that Mark must have looked down at her hand as she laid it upon his arm, even if he had not caught the gleam and flash of diamonds; which reflected the firelight as the flames sprang up the chimney. On the third finger of the unsteady hand which she placed timidly on his black velvet sleeve was a broad flashing hoop of diamonds of considerable value.

Even then for a moment Mark would not see what she meant; for one wild, mad moment he put away the thought, the most natural one to arise in the circumstances, that the diamonds were a pledge of some promise given and received, the outward pledge of her betrothal to some more fortunate man. Even then, feeling his heart sink like lead, he smiled down at her, and, taking the little unsteady hands in his, said gently—

"That is a pretty ring, my child. Have I seen it before?"

"No," she returned softly; and there was a little silence. "Mark," she added in a moment, "I have something to tell you."

"What is it, Leslie?"

"It is—oh, Mark, how can I say it?" she exclaimed, trying to speak lightly, with tears in her eyes. "Won't you help me—you must know, you must guess?"

"I think I know, I think I can guess," he answered steadily, although as he spoke he suffered the keenest agony his life had ever known. "But not all Leslie—not all my, dear."

"Dora wanted to write to you," she went on, more calmly now, but with her long lashes hiding her shy eyes; "but I wanted to tell you myself; I thought no one else should tell my best friend."

"Thank you Leslie."

He spoke very gently and calmly; but, in the silence which followed, he wondered if the girl could hear how heavily his heart was beating, and if she could see the deathly pallor which had spread over his face.

In that moment Mark Stretton realised more clearly than he had ever done how dear this woman was to him; how in the years of their friendship she had crept into the inmost core of his heart, and grown more precious to him than life itself. For an instant he felt as if he must throw himself at her feet and grovel there until he had won from her lips a denial of what she had said and one word of love for himself; but he conquered himself by an effort which left him lividly pale; and his voice, when he spoke, was strained and husky, like the voice of a man in deadly pain.

"There is something else to tell me still," he said. "Who is the man who is so happy as to have won Leslie Scott's heart? That he is as worthy of her as any man can be I am willing to believe, if she tells me so."

"Worthy—ten thousand times worthy!" she said, passionately. "It is I who am not worthy; but he says——"

She paused, colouring all over her fair pale face like the heart of a rose.

"And who is he? You have not told me that, Leslie."

Ah, how her face softened, how unconsciously tender the sweet voice grew as she uttered the name, speaking low and tremulously, but with a little proud gesture of her head which told more plainly than words how proud she was of the love she had won!

"Sir Hugh Forsyth."

CHAPTER II.

"Where's Leslie?"

"Looking out for the postman, I suppose."

"More likely studying her part in this new play. Run and find her Madge."

Dora Scott sighed as she turned her attention to the coffee pot, and thought how hard Leslie worked—poor bonnie Leslie, who was the chief support of them all.

Breakfast was laid for four in the plain but comfortable little dining-room of the house in St. John's Wood, which Madge and Jenny Scott had nicknamed the "Sisterhood," and which, for the last five years, had been the home of the four sisters.

It was a low-roofed, old-fashioned building indifferent repair, and for that reason let at an unusually low rent. But as it stood in a wilderness of garden, and rejoiced in low-ceiled old-fashioned rooms and long passages and a quaint little gabled porch, Leslie Scott and her sister Dora had infinitely preferred it to a more modern residence, and had settled there with some thankfulness. It seemed far more home-like to them, after their country home, than any house in a terrace or square could have done.

The girls—they were but girls five years ago, for Dora Scott herself was but six-and-twenty then—had come to settle in London on the death of their father, for various reasons, the chief one being that they had their own bread to earn in this workaday world of ours, and there was but little opening for that in the quiet old country-town where their father had laboured for so many years as a hard-worked, but ill-paid medical practitioner.

When Doctor Scott died, he left his daughters with sufficient capital to bring them in one hundred and fifty pounds a year, and the old-fashioned but substantial furniture which he had purchased when he brought their mother home a smiling, blushing bride.

Some of their friends thought that the girls might have lived cheaply and quietly in the old village on the income their father had left them, eking it out by daily tuition; but Dora and Leslie were ambititious. They both knew, or felt perhaps, that Leslie had talents of no common order, and that the exercise of those talents might not only enable them to live in comfort, but that they would allow Madge and Jenny to have opportunities of studying the art they loved so dearly, and which they could not have had had they remained at Lea. And they were not far wrong. Leslie Scott's perseverance and industry and talent soon received the success they deserved. Six months after their arrival in London, their cousin and only friend then—Mark Stretton—induced the manager of a London theatre to give Leslie a trial; and, from her first appearance, the success of the young *debutante* in the profession she had chosen had been assured; and now she was a well-known actress, occupying a place in the first rank of her profession, and earning an income sufficient to do all she had hoped, and more.

Of course she had not attained this without hard work, much study, and self-denial, and there had been at first much to dispirit and discourage her; but she had succeeded at last, and all London knew Miss Lettice Soames was not only a very charming actress, but a pure and true-hearted woman against whom not one word could be said.

The dining-room of the Sisterhood look very comfortable and homelike on this sunshiny summer's morning. The French windows, opening on to a small, well-kept, velvety lawn, were shaded by lace curtains, drawn aside now to admit the soft morning air. There were roses in bloom in the garden, and a great bowl of them, fresh and fragrant, stood in the centre of the breakfast-table. There were other roses in the room, in quaint old mugs and bowls, on the side-board and on brackets, and in the belt of Jenny's light gray dress as she stood at the window, a tall slender girl, with honest brown eyes, and a great knot of reddish brown hair coiled low upon the nape of her neck.

Miss Scott was a tall, slender woman, looking older than her thirty-two years, with soft abundant hair brushed smoothly away from a white brow, and clear brown honest eyes like Jenny's. Her face was a little sad and thoughtful, as she busied herself with the urn and coffee-pot; and when Jenny turned round from the window the sorrowful expression was reflected on her young face, which, although not a pretty one, was pleasing and clever.

"Dora," she said, slowly going over to the table, and rather nervously smoothing the cloth with her fingers—the clever agile fingers which were soon to win fame and money for her sisters and herself.

"What is it, my dear?" asked Miss Scott, looking up suddenly with a little apprehension in her dark eyes, as they fell upon the grave young face.

"Do you know that it is quite three weeks since Leslie had a letter?" Janet said slowly and gravely, the trouble deepening in her face as she saw the pain which made Dora Scott's sensitive lips quiver.

"Are you sure, Jenny?"

"Quite sure, Dame Durden. I remember perfectly, it was on the third, and to-day is the twenty-fourth."

"Leslie may have had a letter by an afternoon post when we were all out," suggested Miss Scott, but not very hopefully.

"She would have told us."

"She might have forgotten."

"Forgotten, Dame Durden! Is that likely?"

"I am afraid not, dear," the elder sister answered sorrowfully. "But, she added more cheerfully, "men are never very good correspondents, and no doubt Sir Hugh has a great deal to occupy his time."

"I don't suppose he has more to do than he had when he first went home after six years absence, and then he wrote to Leslie every morning," Janet said, with a touch of bitterness. "I wish with all my heart we had never seen him!" she added vehemently, tears rising in her eyes with the depth of feeling.

"Don't say that, Jenny," the other rejoined hastily. "Think what a good match it is for Leslie, and how much she loves him!"

"It is because I think how much she loves him that I say so!" Jenny answered passionately. "Do you know, Dora, that last night I awoke, and there was a light in the room. I looked over at Leslie's bed, and she had lighted a candle and was reading some of his old letters, I suppose, and she was crying, not loudly, you know, but softly, not to disturb me, and so pitifully, poor darling!"

"I think—nay, I am sure that he loves her, Jenny," Dora Scott said, thinking of the eager devoted lover who had parted from her sister not three months before. "See what lovely things he has sent her, and——"

"Then why does not his mother write to Leslie, and want to know her, Dolly? She may be a nobleman's daughter, but she cannot be a bit better or prettier or cleverer than our Leslie!" the girl declared eagerly.

"She may not be pleased at the engagement," answered the elder sister sadly. "They are very grand people, you know, Jenny; and even if Leslie had not been an actress, she would not have liked her to be engaged to her son, kind though she used to be to us at Lea."

"But Leslie is engaged, and whether Lady," began Janet angrily, breaking off suddenly as her sisters came in—Leslie first, in her simple white gown, Madge following, with her clever ugly face and the masses of fair brown hair, which were the only beauty she possessed.

Quickly as Janet had paused, some suspicion of their conversation, some word of it perhaps, had entered Leslie's mind or caught her ear, for there was a delicate little flush on her face and a nervous eagerness in her manner, as she bade her sisters good morning, and then bent eagerly over the roses, exclaiming at their beauty and fragrance.

"What lovely roses!" she exclaimed, in her musical voice. "Where did they come from?"

"Mark sent them this morning," Jenny answered coolly.

"How good of him!"

"Mark is always good," Jenny affirmed rather aggressively, for Mark was a great favourite with the younger girls, and they had guessed at his love for Leslie and resented her engagement.

"Certainly; Mark is always good," Leslie admitted, with an amused twinkle in her beautiful eyes. "No one here will dispute that assertion. Dolly, give me some coffee; I am famished."

'You were up so early, dear. Why did you not have some tea, Leslie!"

"I can work better fasting," she answered laughingly—then, with an assumption of carelessness which deceived no one, "I suppose the second post has gone round? Have you had any letters, Dolly?"

"No, dear," Miss Scott answered slowly, remembering that for so many days now the postman had brought only disappointment for poor Leslie.

Breakfast proceeded cheerfully enough. The younger girls chatted gaily, and Dora joined them occasionally. Leslie sat, eating but little, notwithstanding her two hours hard work that morning and glanced wistfully now and again at the window, whence she could see the little path by which the postman must come.

Presently she rose, and, going to the window, drew back the shading white curtains which partly intercepted her view of the pathway.

"You don't mind, Dolly, do you?" she asked, going slowly back to her place. "It seems a pity to shut out the sunshine when we get so little of it in this dreary London."

"So it does, dear," Dora answered gently; and even as she spoke the sharp rat-tat of the postman was heard as he made his way down Avenue Road and drew near the Sisterhood.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE WIFE.

It is not unfrequent that the wife has to mourn over the alienated affections of her husband, because she has made no effort herself to strengthen and increase the attachment. She thinks because he once loved her, he ought always to love her, and she neglects those attentions which engage his heart. She has perhaps, set her own self-will against his judgment in matters where he should be allowed to govern, and because he will not yield, thinks him arbitrary and unreasonable—grows morose and sullen over it, and thus alienates his affections from her. Many a wife is thus the cause of her own sorrow. The woman deserves not a husband's love, who will not greet him with smiles when he returns home from the labors of the day—who will not try to chain him to his home by the sweet enchantment of a cheerful heart. There is not one husband in a thousand so unfeeling as to be capable of withstanding such an influence and breaking away from such a home.

THE WOMEN OF PANAMA.

One sees plenty of women smoking in the streets of Panama—not women of the higher class, but negresses and Colombians of the lower social grades. It is a very common sight here to witness a woman busy at her washing, or hanging ou linen, or carrying something on her head along the streets, or nursing an infant at an open doorway, or cooking the evening meal; also at the doorway, or swinging in a hammock, and at the same time and in the midst of all these varied domestics occupations ever puff-puff-puffing on a *cigarrillo* (cigarrette), or a very long and slender cigar, known here as a "rat-tail" or a "poca-tiempo" "little time" or "of little account"). Strange to say, I have never yet seen a native smoke a pipe. Pipes are rare things in Panama, and those who smoke them are almost invariably foreigners, mostly English sailors, American ditto, and some German who has strayed away from the vaterland and lost himself in these wilds of the tropics. I brought out from New York a pipe, but feel ashamed to be seen using it, and it rests undisturbed in my trunk. Good cigars are not so very much cheaper here than in Boston or New York. You must pay from 12 to 20 cents (silver) for really good Havana cigar in Panama. though ones can be had for 6 cents upwards by the box.

The fly period has arrived. Compositors should bear this in mind and closely observe.

DRESSY COSTUMES.

FIG. 1.—The "Ailsa" basque and "Cristobel" skirt are combined in this stylish costume. The skirt is of black silk, having a satin finish and the basque and drapery are of brocaded satin. The basque is pointed in front and curved over the hips, the back having additional fullness laid in plaits on the inside, which gives a very dressy appearance. The outer fronts are laced over a full plastron which is of the plain silk. Dainty cuffs ornament the sleeves, and the model is completed by a standing collar. The novel arrangement of the skirt and drapery will be much admired. The entire front of of the skirt is laid in side plaits, and the portion of it that is not hidden by drapery is covered with a deep plaiting. The drapery is laid in plaits at the top, which cause it to fall gracefully in deep points in front, while the back is moderately bouffant and is arranged differently at each side. For silks, satins, surahs, cashmeres, and softly draping textures of all seasonable qualities this is an exceptionally desirable model. Price of skirt pattern, thirty cents; basque patterns, twenty-five cents each size.

FIG 2—The "Livia" costume is a design that will be very popular, as it is adapted to most of the materials selected for walking costumes. The skirt is made in plain dark green camel's-hair cashmere, and the ground of the polonaise is of the same, strewn with figures in old tapestry colors which produce a very pretty effect. The fronts of the polonaise are laid in plaits, while a full vest of silk the same color as the plain goods adds to the dressy effect of the design. The back of the polonaise is short, but a plain drapery falls below it to the bottom of the skirt. The velvet collar and cuffs matching the skirt in shade are stylish and generally becoming. The skirt is laid in clustered side-plaits in front and at the sides, the plain drapery concealing the foundation skirt at the back. Two contrasting fabrics will be much admired made in this way, and the design will be found satisfactory for silks, cloths, and all goods of a camel's-hair texture. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

CALETA OVERSKIRT.

Short but prettily draped in front, with a long and bouffant back drapery, this overskirt will be found particularly attractive to use with plaited skirts of all kinds. Most of the skirt is visible in front, the draped apron being laid in plaits in the middle and at the sides. The centre of the back is gathered and forms a large bow at the top, the lower edge falling in a point to the bottom of the skirt toward the lett side. It can be appropriately made in silks, cashmere, flannel or any of the numerous varieties of woollens of medium weight, as well as in cotton goods. It is illustrat d e'sewhere in combination with the "Thyrza" basque and an "Accordion" skirt. Price of pattern, thirty cents.

NINETTA COSTUME.

An essentially graceful design, suitable for all but the heaviest varieties of dress goods. It consists of a polonaise over a skirt trimmed with gathered ruffles, for which plaitings may be substituted if preferred. The trimmings may be varied to accord with the goods selected. Patterns in sizes from eight to twelve years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

EUREKA.

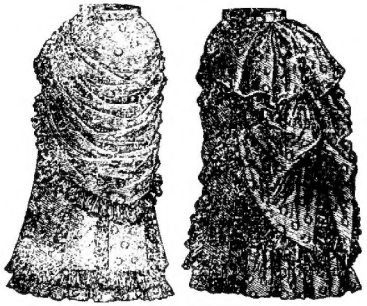
A Remedy Which Has Long Been Sought For and Found at Last.

Natzini, an Italian barber of great repute, who won his notoriety by hair regenerators, once said that he could make a dinner plate crop out with curls. History does not narrate the fact that he accomplished the achievement, but it is nevertheless true that many a shining pate has been the second time adorned with a luxuriant growth the result of external application of chemical preparations. The theory on which these apparently abnormal growths are founded is that though the scalp may be perfectly bare there are abundant roots which are still living, though dormant, and only require proper treatment to produce active growth. However this may be, it appears that the problem of killing the roots has long remained unsolved. It seems to have been quite an easy task to reproduce, but an impossibility to destroy without injury to the skin. The experiments which have been made can be numbered by the thousands. The preparations discovered and represented as unfailing, will reach tens of thousands. In one particular or another, all have failed. The growth might be temporarily removed, but in time would reappear. Often the hair would be effectually killed, but at the sacrifice of a fair complexion or a smooth arm. A remedy for this disfigurement has at last been discovered by A. Dorenwend of the Paris Hair Works. It is positive in results, harmless and free from pain. The complexion is softened and beautified, leaving no trace of the former growth. Hundreds of ladies can testify to its merits, and recommend the Eureka to those whose natural beauty is so unnecessarily destroyed. Send at once for circular, and if ordering, enclose $2.00 for one box, or $5 for three boxes. Address Eureka Mfg. Co., Paris Hair Works, Toronto, Canada.

A striking peculiarity—the clock's

ROCHDALE COSTUME.

All qualities and kinds of dress goods, except the cheapest washable fabrics, can be made in this way. It is a dressy model and permits of the combination of contrasting materials. For silk or grenadine, lace or passementerie may be added with good effect. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.



CAROLA SKIRT.

Although elaborate in appearance, this pleasing model for a miss's skirt is extremely simple in arrangement. A gathered flounce is placed on the lower edge of the foundation skirt, and across the front and side gores is a valance cut in square tabs, which are bordered with a ruffle and fall nearly to the bottom of the flounce. The drapery is effective and consists of a wrinkled apron, and a gracefully looped back which falls in deep points, separate loops being placed at the upper dart giving the effect of a large bow. Two materials combine well in this design, which is suited for the varieties of summer silks, satines, and other washable fabrics, light qualities of woollen goods, etc. Lace or embroidery can be substituted for the ruffles if appropriate for the goods chosen. Patterns in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

LADY'S COSTUME.

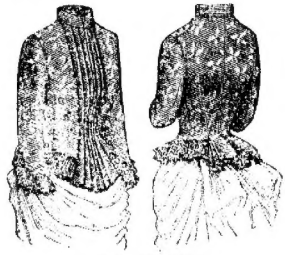
The "Thyrza" basque and "Caleta" overskirt are represented in this engraving in combination with an "Accordion" skirt, plaited by the Kursheedt Standard Manufacturing Company. The skirt is of bronze bison cloth, and the basque and drapery are of the same material, with a tapestry woven figure in dark red strewn on the bronze ground with which it so prettily contrasts. The basque is tight-fitting, the fronts pointed, and a vest of surah matching the skirt in color shows between the opening. The side gores are plain, but the side forms and back pieces are tastefully cut in a shield shape at the lower edge. The overskirt is quite short in front, showing to advantage the "Accordion" plaited skirt, and is laid in plaits in the middle of the front, which are ornamented by a full bow with long ends of Ottoman ribbon, showing bronze on one side and dark red on the other. The back of the overskirt is much longer than the front and is gracefully draped. All soft woolen goods, light cloths, flannels, etc., will be admired made in this way, as the design is practical and suitable for most occasions. Price of overskirt pattern, thirty cents; basque pattern, twenty-five cents each size.

OUR ENGRAVINGS.

The designs and illustrations of this department are from the celebrated house of Mme. Demorest, the acknowledged representative of Fashions in Europe and America. This house has always received the first premium at all the Expositions, and is the recipient of the only award over all competitors for patterns of Fashions, at the Centennial and Paris Expositions. Paris, London and New York.

NYRA DRESS.

The completeness and simplicity of this arrangement make it a most desirable model. The half-loose sacque-shaped dress is lengthened by the box plaiting, and the jacket fronts open over a full Moliere vest, a sash being arranged about the skirt portion and tied in a bow with ends at the back. The jacket and plaiting are made of plain, dark blue cashmere, while the vest and sash are of the same material with a delicate design embroidered in red and dark bronze on the same ground as the jacket; the effect is extremely handsome. Irish point embroidery trims the jacket fronts and forms the collar and cuffs, adding greatly to the attractiveness of the model, which is universally becoming to little girls. Flannels, cashmeres, and goods of a camel's hair texture can be made in this way with entire satisfaction, while the pattern will also be found appropriate for many goods of lighter quality. Patterns in sizes for from four to eight years. Price, twenty cents each.



CASSIE BASQUE.

A youthful and jaunty basque, the front finished with a plaited vest, the sides short and having an added ruffle which is universally becoming to young and slender figures; while the back terminates in a short plaited postilion. The material of the basque or vest may be used for the ruffle on the sides, or lace or embroidery may be substituted when a more dressy effect is desired. The model will be found suitable and satisfactory for almost all of the materials usually selected for misses' wear, and especially desirable for a combination of goods. Patterns in sizes for from twelve to sixteen years. Price, twenty cents each.

"SWEET GIRL GRADUATES" IN ENGLAND.

These young lady graduates in arts, science, and medicine may be expected, says the London *Telegraph*, to keep the young men of the day up to the mark of intellectual conversation, the aforesaid "Sidneian showers of sweet discourse." It will not do for the heavy dragoon of the future to talk insane nothings to his partner in the interva's of the dance. The lady will probably put him through his facings with regard to the scientific aspect of equitation, and soon find out how little he has retained of the stuffing of the military crammer to whose talent for assimilating the human mind to a mnemonic calender he may owe his commission. Jenny and Jessamy will not long wander, silently, hand in hand, beside the margin of some purling brook, looking now and again with rapture into each other's faces, and heaving deep sighs but will sit together upon a stile, notebook and pencil in hand, profitably employed in turning the morning's money article into Greek iambics. Orlando, instead of carving Rosalind's name on all the finest tree-trunks throughout the forest of Arden will, Euclid in hand, invite the lovely daughter of the banished duke's wicked brother to demonstrate the "pons asinorum," by way of playful pastime. What will become of all the tatting and crewel-work heaven only knows. Instead of braces and slippers, the harmless, necessary curate will receive as presents from the fair and youthful members of his flock neatly penned disquistions on trigonometry and speculations on the manners and customs of the supposititious inhabitants of the planet Venus. It is on the cards that in the near future some baby girl may be born into the world, spend several years on the female side at one of the great public schools, go up to Cambridge, pass in honors, obtain a fellowship, edit Xenophon, sink into an old age of port-wine and prejudice, and end a childless life of learning in the arms of a college bed-maker. This much is manifest, that, whatever else may happen, the relations between the sexes will be changed. The tyrant man, as represented in English adaptions of French comedies, being desirous of spending an evening from home, will no longer be able to delude a simple wife with the subterfuge that he was going to dine with an old college chum. The lady will know all the acquaintances of his collegiate days, and probably have met them "up at the schools."

Badinage apart, will home be a happier place, among the cultured classes, when the woman shall be upon an equal intellectual platform with the man? We are inclined to say: Yes. As a rule love will be of a finer fibre and keep up its sweet illusion, if it do not last longer than under the old conditions. "Age cannot wither nor custom stale" the "infinite variety" of a well-stored mind. Educated men and women will have a new bond of union in kindred tastes and in the common fund of like and equal knowledge; and what is now often but the transient passion of youth be sustained to the very last on firm foundations of sincere admiration and compelled respect.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

The right to do pretty much as they please.

The right to make a fuss when a fellow stays out late.

The right to blame everything on their husband's money-losing or money-making propensities, just as it happens.

The right to turn a house topsy turvy three weeks every six months, and call it house-cleaning.

The right to make the old man vote any way they want him to.

The right to a home, a husband and a baby.

STUPID WOMEN.

Mrs. Lincoln, of the Boston cooking school, has just issued a volume of her recipes, in the preface to which she remarks that the reader may consider her unnecessarily minute in her directions, but that her experience has taught her that no detail is small enough to be left unmentioned, and, we might well add, that it is not safe to take even the possession of common sense for granted. This may sound a trifle severe, says the Boston *Courier*, yet it would probably be agreed to by anybody who should take the trouble to visit the cooking school, and sit for an hour listening to Mrs. Lincoln's lecture and to the stupid and inane questions asked by well-dressed and apparently intelligent women.

It chanced that one afternoon some wooden spoons, such as Mrs. Lincoln uses, had been ordered by her for various ladies who had wished to buy them. The spoons were distributed to their various purchasers, and a moment of silent examination followed. Then a lady inquired in a distrustful and pleading voice:

"Mrs. Lincoln, could-er-I use my spoon to-er stir frosting?"

Mrs. Lincoln kindly gave her the required permission, and she relapsed into contented silence.

Another pupil was much excited by the fact that when it was desirable to increase the heat of the gas range the jets in the chandelier were lowered.

"Why," demanded this bewildered female in an awestruck tone, "why does she have to fry her croquettes in the dark?"

She evidently thought the frying of croquettes to be a religious rite which demanded a dim and mystic light for its proper pursuance.

Yet another intelligent questioner—but this was in the old days of Miss Parloa—propounded this conundrum with all the gravity which befitted its weight.

"Miss Parloa, my family is so large that one loaf of angel cake is not enough; now, if I want to make two loaves, must I double the quantity of materials?"

These examples are not given as examples of ignorance of cookery, because that, of course, is entirely excusable in anybody who is not obliged to cook, but it is the lack of simple common sense which is so remarkable in women of at least ordinary intelligence and of good education.

HER MONUMENT.

She built it herself, and yet she did not know that she had a monument. She lived in it, but she did not know that it existed.

Her monument was her home. It grew up quietly, as quietly as a flower grows, and no one knew—she did not know herself—how much she had done to tend and water and train it. Her husband had absolute trust in her. He earned the money; she expended it. And as she put as much thought in her expenditure as he put in his earning, each dollar was doubled in the expending. She had inherited that mysterious faculty which we call taste, and she cultivated it with fidelity. Every home she visited she studied, though always unconsciously, as though it were a museum or an art gallery; and from every visit she brought away some thought which came out of the alembic of her loving imagination fitted to its appropriate place in her own home. She was too genuine to be an imitator,—for imitation is always of kin to falsehood,—and she abhorred falsehood. She was patient with everything but a lie. So she never copied in her own home or on her own person what she had seen elsewhere; yet everything she saw elsewhere entered into and helped to complete the perfect picture of life which she was always painting with deft fingers in everything from the honey suckle which she trained over the door to the bureau in the guest's room which her designing made a new work of art for every new friend, if it were only by a new nosegay and a change of vases. Putting her own personality into her home, making every room and almost every article of furniture speak of her, she had the gift to draw out from every guest his personality and make him at home, and so make him his truest and best self. Neither man nor woman of the world could long resist the subtle influence of that home; the warmth of the truth and love thawed out the frozen properties from impersonated etiquette, and whatever circle of friends sat on the broad piazza in summer or gathered around the open fire in winter knew for a time the rare joy of liberty—the liberty of perfect truth and perfect love. Her home was hospitable because her ahert was large; and anyone was her friend to whom she could minister. But her heart was like the old Jewish temple—strangers only came into the court of the gentiles, friends into an inner court; her husband and her children found a court yet nearer her heart of hearts; yet even they knew that there was a holy of holies which she kept for her God, and they loved and revered her the more for it. So strangely was commingled in her the inclusiveness and the exclusiveness of love, its hospitality, and its reserve.

Ah! blessed home builder! You have no cause to envy women with a "gift." For there is nothing so sacred on earth as a home, and no priest on earth so divine as the wife and mother who make it, and no gift so great as the gift which grafts the bud of heaven on the common stock of earth. "Her children shall rise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

WOMAN'S SIXTH SENSE.

Here is a singular instance, says the Boston *Courier*, of the working of that subtle, fine, sixth sense, which is apt to affect women more than men, and which is so mysterious in character that we often incline to deny its existence at all. A lady sat sewing quietly in her sitting-room, and in an inner chamber the nurse had just put the baby to sleep and laid her in her bassinette. As the nurse came out of the chamber she said to her mistress:

"The little thing is asleep for three hours, ma'am, I'll warrant."

The nurse went down-stairs, and for about a minute the mother sewed on. Suddenly a desire seized her to go and take the sleeping child from its crib.

"What nonsense!" she said to herself. 'Rabf is sound asleep. Nurse just put her down. I shall not go."

Instantly, however, some power, stronger even than the last, urged the mother to go to her baby; and, after a moment, she rose, half vexed with herself, and went to her chamber. The baby was asleep in her little bed, safely tucked in with soft white and pink blankets. One small hand was thrown above the little brown head. It was half open, the exquisite fingers slightly curved, and the palm as rosy as the depths of a lovely shell.

"My baby!" whispered the mother, adoring the little sleeper as mothers will. "My own little baby!"

She bent over suddenly a third time, impelled by that mysterious force which was controlling her, and, for no apparent reason, took the sleeping baby in her arms and went swiftly into the other room. She had scarcely crossed the threshold when a startling sound caused her to look back. Through a drifting cloud of thick gray dust she saw that the ceiling above the baby's cradle had fallen, burying the heaps of rosy blankets, and lying heaviest of all upon that spot where, but for her mysterious warning, her little child would even now be lying.

EATON'S

FALL IMPORTATIONS

JUST ARRIVING.

New Goods Opened Every Day

We commence this season with a full assortment of fall and winter goods of all the newest styles. Each department complete and prices unusually low.

Hosiery.

Ladies' all-wool hose, fine quality, 25c. a pair.

Ladies' ribbed merino hose, in navy, grenat, black and grey, 12½c, 15c, & 18c. per pair.

Ladies' heavy imported wool hose, 30c, 35c, 37½c, & 40c.

Ladies' cashmere hose in black and fancy colors, seamless, 30c, 35c, 38c, 40c. pair up.

Children's hose, all sizes, at exceedingly low prices.

Ladies' Merino Undervests, in grey and white, all sizes, 65c, & 75c.

Special lines in ladies' fashioned shetland lambs wool vests, 90c, $1.00, $1.10, $1 15 and $1.25.

Ladies' sleeveless vests, all sizes and colors, $1, $1.25, and $1.45.

Ladies' heavy vests with sleeves, $1.50, $1.75 & $2.00.

Ladies' Hand Satchels.

Every style in plush and black, and tan-colored leather satchels, at 50c, 65c, 75c, 90c, $1.00, and $1 25 to $5.

New Fall & Winter Gloves.

Black and colored cashmere gloves, buttoned and jersey, 15c. 20c, 25, and 35, pr.

Ladies' cashmere gloves with cuffs, in tans, black and fancy colors.

Ladies' 4-buttoned French castor gloves, 75c. a pair.

Ladies' 6 buttoned mousquetaire castor $1.

Ladies' Opera and white kid gloves, 50c, 75c, and $1 pair.

Ladies' 6 buttoned kid gloves, in black, tans, dark colors, Operas and white, $1 pr.

New Fall Dress Goods.

A large assortment at 5c, and 7½c. a yard, in all the most fashionable colors.

Special line of ladies' costume cloth, 12½c. yd.

A large assortment of new fall suitings, in Scotch, tweed and velours.

Estamine and ottoman cloths, 20c. yd.

New fall costume cloths 25c. pr. 20 different shades of all the newest colors.

Black and colored cashmeres, 40 inches wide, all-wool, 37½c. yd.

Special line black and colored cashmeres, 47½c. yd.

Black and colored velveteens 35c, 40c, 50, 60c, up to real value

Black gros grain silk, 65c and $1 yd.

Black brocaded silk, 22 ins. wide, 75c.

Wincies, Etc. in great variety

New laces and shawls in endless variety, 25c, 40c, 50c, 65c, 75c, $1 up.

Ladies' Fall & Winter Skirts.

Black alpaca, black Italian cloth, black and colored quilted skirts.

Felt and knitted skirts at bottom prices.

. Eaton & Co.

190, 192, 194 & 196 Yonge St.,

TORONTO.

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

STRAWBERRY AND RICE DESSERT.—Soak a cupful of well-picked rice in one and a half cups of warm water for one hour, then add to it one and a half cups of new milk; place all in an earthen dish, and set in a covered steamer over a kettle of boiling water. Steam for one hour, or until dry and tender, stirring occasionally with a silver fork the first fifteen minutes. When the rice is done place in the bottom of some cups previously moistened with cold water, five nice, hulled strawberries in the shape of a star, Fill the interstices between the berries carefully with the boiled rice, and then cover the berries with a layer of rice. Add next a layer of strawberries and then another layer of rice. Press it firmly into the cup and set away to cool. when well molded, turn into saucers, and pile whipped cream around each; sprinkle with sugar and serve. A little care in forming the stars and filling the molds makes this a delicious and pretty dessert. If preferred, the desert may be prepared in one large mold, and a larger number of strawberries arranged in the form of a cross in the bottom of the dish, covering with rice, and adding as many alternate layers of strawberries and rice as desired.

STEAMED FIG PUDDING.—Moisten two cupsful of finely grated Graham bread crumbs with half a cup of thin, sweet cream. Mix into it a heaping cupful of finely-chopped fresh figs, and a quarter of a cup of sugar. Add lastly a cup of sweet milk. Turn all into a pudding dish, and steam about two and a half hours over a kettle of boiling water. Serve as soon as done with a little cream for dressing. Care must be taken that the process of steaming is not interrupted in any way. Do not allow the fire to slacken, and on no account replenish the water with anything but that of boiling temperature. Do not open the steamer, and let the cold air on to the top of the pudding, if you wish it to be a success.

MAY PUDDING.—One pint of well-steamed pearl barley, two cups of finely chopped best figs, one-half cup of sugar, one-half cup of nice, sweet cream, and one and one-half cups of fresh milk. Mix altogether thoroughly, turn into an earthen pudding dish, place the dish in an oven in a pan half full of boiling water, and bake slowly till the milk is nearly absorbed. The pudding should be stired once or twice during the baking so that the figs will be distributed equally through the pudding, instead of rising to the top. The pudding when done, should be moist and homogeneous. It requires no dressing.

RICE AND FIG DESSERT.—Steam a cupful of best rice in two cups of milk and one of water until perfectly tender and dry. Have ready a cup of chopped figs, which have been stewed in a pint of water, to which was added one tablespoonful of sugar, until they are all one homogeneous mass. Arrange the rice on a hot dish, place the stewed figs in the centre, and serve hot with cream or without dressing.

SAGO PUDDING.—Soak a cupful of sago for twenty minutes in a cup of cold water; then turn over it a quart and a cupful of boiling water, and add a cup of sugar and one half cup of raisins. Cook till the sago is perfectly transparent, flavor with vanilla, and set away to cool. Serve with whipped cream.

FARINA BLANC MANGE.—Heat a quart of milk, pr serving one-half cupful, to boiling. When boiling, add a little salt, two tablespoonsful of sugar, and four heaping tablespoonsful of farina, previously moistened with the reserved half cup of milk. Let all boil rapidly for a few minutes, till the farina has set, then place in the double boiler, or a dish set in a pan of boiling water, to cook an hour longer. Turn into cups previously wet with cold water to cool. Serve with sugar and cream, flavored with vanilla or a little grated lemon rind. Red raspberry, strawberry, grape, current, cranberry cherry, and plum are all good. If desired, the milk which the blanc mange is prepared may be first flavored with cocoanut, thus making another variety.

APPLE TART.—Pare and slice some quick cooking, tart apples, and place them in the bottom of a pudding dish with a tablespoonful of water. Cover with a crust prepared in the following manner: into a cut of thin cream stir a gill of yeast and two cups of flower; let this become very light, and then add sufficient flour to mix soft. Knead for fifteen or twenty minutes very thoroughly, roll evenly, and cover the apples; put all in a warm place until the crust has become very light, then bake. If the apples do not bake easily, they may be partially cooked before putting on the crust. Dish so that the fruit will be uppermost, and serve with cream and sugar.

GOOSEBERRY TART.—Fill a pudding dish with well prepared green gooseberries, adding a tablespoonful or two of water. Cover with a crust as for apple tart, and when light, bake in a moderately quick oven. Cut the crust into the required number of pieces, and dish with gooseberries heaped on top. Serve with sugar and cream.

CHERRY TART.—Prepare the same as for apple tart, with seeded cherries, only omitting the water, as the cherries will be sufficiently juicy of themselves. If the fruit is very juicy, sprinkle a tablespoonful of flour over it before putting on the crust. Plum and peach tart may be made in the same manner, and are both very nice.

PRUNE AND TAPIOCA PUDDING.—Soak one-half cup of tapioca over night. In the morning boil till transparent in just sufficient water to cook it and prevent burning. Stew two cups of well-washed prunes in a quart of water till perfectly tender, then add the juice of a good lemon, and two tablespoonfuls of sugar, and boil till the syrup, of which there should remain but a spoonful or two, becomes thick and rich. Then put the prunes into a pudding dish, and cover with the cooked tapioca, with which should be mixed a little grated lemon rind. Bake lightly in the oven. Serve without dressing, or with sugar and cream.

VIGOROUS GIRLS.

The time has come when weak spines, headaches, flabby muscles and feeble, sweet delicacy have become unfashionable. An eminent London physician has lately written, in the warmest terms, a letter recommending gymnastics for girls. She of the sparkling eye, the strong, round arm and the deep chest, the maiden who can swim and row, and ride horseback, and tramp five miles—this is the girl the times demand. This is the girl for the higher intellectual education. Careful attention to physical culture, air, exercise and sunshine, will do away with two-thirds of the sickness that now affects the female sex; but it will not destroy any of the gentler qualities. The perfect woman, who will one day, we hope, bless the world, will have a sound, active body, a cultivated brain, and at the same time all womanly graciousness and sweetness. —*Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.*

Very odd is the notion of a seaside hat, "The Neptune," the fancy of a Paris milliner. It is a large capote of a gray-green rushes, bordered around the brim with gray-green plush, and on one side an aquatic miniature landscape composed of water plants and sea weeds, a pretty pink-lined shell, and a small green frog dressed in green velvet and pale yellow silk, with great melancholy eyes looking at you through the rushes.

DUMPY WOMEN.

Women, especially those of the upper classes, who are not obliged to keep themselves in condition by work, lose after middle age, sometimes earlier, a considerable amount of their height, not by stooping, as men do, but by actual collapse, sinking down, mainly to be attributed to the perishing of the muscles that support the frame, in consequence of habitual and constant pressure of stays and dependence upon the artificial support by them afforded. Every girl, says *The Lancet*, who wears stays that press upon these muscles end restrict the free development of the fibres that form them, relieving them from the natural duties of supporting the spine, indeed incapacitating them from so doing, may feel sure she is preparing herself to be a dumpy woman. A great pity! Failure of health among women when the vigor of youth passes away is but too patent and but too commonly caused by this practice. Let the man who admires the piece of pipe that does duty for the human body picture to himself the wasted form and seamed skin. Most women, from long custom of wearing these stays, are really unaware how much they are hampered and restricted. A girl of 20, intended by nature to be one of her finest specimens, gravely assures one that her stays are not tight, being exactly the same size as those she was first put into, not perceiving her own condemnation in the fact that she has since grown five inches in height and two in shoulder breadth. Her stays are not too tight, because the constant pressure has prevented the natural development of the heart and lung space. The dainty waist of the poets is precisely that flexible slimness that is destroyed by stays. The form resulting from them is not slim, but a piece of pipe, and as inflexible. But, while endeavoring to make clear the outrage upon practical good sense and sense of beauty, it is necessary to understand and admit the whole state of the case. The reason, if not the necessity, for some sort of corset, may be found when the form is very redundant; this, however, cannot be with the very young and slight, but all that necessity could demand, and that practical good sense and fitness would concede, could be found in a strong elastic kind of jersey, sufficiently strong, and even stiff, under the bust to support it, and sufficiently elastic at the sides and back to injure no organs and impede no functions. Even in the case of the young a slight and elastic band under the false ribs would not be injurious, but perhaps the contrary, serving as a constant hint to keep the chest well forward and the shoulders back; but every stiff, unyielding machine, crushing the ribs and destroying the fibre of muscle will be fatal to health, to freedom of movement, and to beauty; it is scarcely too much to say that the wearing of such amounts to stupidity in those who do not know the consequences (for over and over again warning has been given). and to wickedness to those who do.

Sir Isaac Newton, when writing his *Principia*, lived on a scanty allowance of bread and water, and a vegetable diet.

A pretty summer costume is made as follows; The skirt of golden brown satin merveilleux laid in double box plaits, with princesse polonaise above of cream-colored mousseline de soie printed with brown flowers, and trimmed with cream and crown lace jointly, there being a ruffle of each where this decoration appears. The bonnet of straw is covered with cream lace, with a group of brown butterflies perched on an aigrette of a pale cream tint. Brown silk gloves meet the elbow sleeves, and brown silk hose, with bronze Langtry half shoes, complete the harmonious details.

FUN FOR THE LADIES.

Before marriage: Wooed and won. After marriage: Wood and one.

"Madame," said a gentleman, offering a rose to a lady, "allow me to present you to one of your sisters."

"I preserve my strength by husbanding it," said a wife as she ordered her better half to bring in a bucket of coal.

A Good Reason—He: "Why do you like me best when I am silent?" She: "Because I can then imagine I am alone."

The girl who succeeds in forcing a young man to spend his last cent in treating her to ice-cream renders herself liable to arrest for robbing the male.

The public schools are now closed, and the schoolmarms have two months to study over which is the best for them, to get married and be bossed by a man, or to remain single and boss the boys.

Mistress (horrified)—"Good gracious, Bridget, have you been using one of my stockings to strain the coffee through?" Bridget (apologetically)—"Yis, mum, but shure I didn't take a clane one."

A society editor got himself into a very unpleasant predicament in his effort to explain how plainly a lady was dressed at a reception by saying that she wore no jewellery and the remainder of her toilet to match.

An Uncertainty — Husband: "The Browns are still living in New York. Very nice people, and we are under obligations to them." Wife: "I'd ask them out here to spend the summer with us if I was certain they couldn't come."

Another New York belle has married an Italian prince. He is a real one. He runs six chairs, five bath-rooms, and the "brush" is dressed in livery. There isn't a nicer shop in any country town in America.

"Just to think," said the Vassar graduate; "here is an account of a train being thrown from the track by a misplaced switch How utterly careless some women are about leaving their hair around." And she went on reading and eating caramels.

Mother—"What did you mean by introducing me to Mr. Brown as your aunt?" Daughter: "Forgive me, mother, but Mr. Brown appears to be on the point of proposing, and it wouldn't do to run any risk just now, you know. He has a strong prejudice against mothers-in-law."

Soap-bubble parties should be encouraged among young ladies, and the young men in selecting brides should shun those females who blow large bubbles, for at last their blowing-up propensities are turned in the direction of the old man, and great is the blowing up he getteth therefrom.

A western paper says that a wild woman is running at large in the mountains of Oregon. But whether her wildness was caused by the refusal of a husband to crown her with a $17 bonnet or the declination of her young man to help to shingle the roof of the village ice-cream dealer does not appear.

The wise men tell us that the whale lives about four hundred years. Since the days of the patriarchs, however, no man has ever taken a whale from the breast and raised it to old age. A whale would be a good thing for a man to buy who hated to part with a pet after he became attached to it.

A soap-peddler is meeting with amazing success in the New England towns. The way he lassoes his victims is like this: When the front door bell is answered by the lady of the house, no matter if she does look old enough to have voted several times, he politely inquires: "Is your mother at home?" This little piece of strategy always insures him a sale, and the older the customer the larger the sale.

The Ladies' Journal

Devoted to Literature, Fashion, &c.

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OUR PATTERNS.

Any pattern illustrated in these pages can obtained by addressing S. FRANK WILSON, Publisher, 33 & 35 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Always remit price of pattern with order, please.

TO OUR READERS.

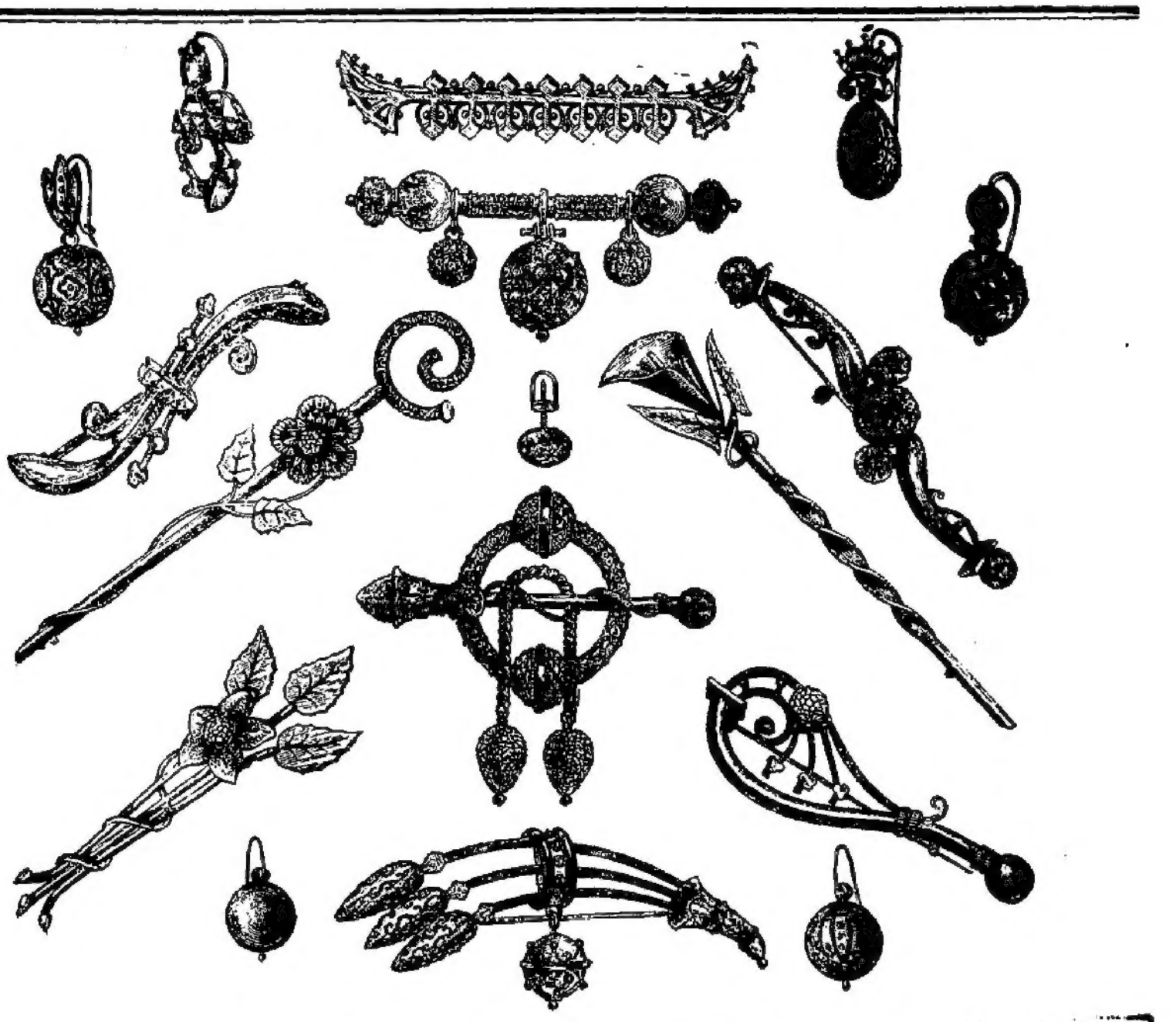
As we announced in our August issue, we commence, this month, the publication of a story which cannot fail, we think, to attract and interest our readers. It will be continued from month to month until completed, and we have no doubt that each month's instalment will be anxiously looked forward to. Having already given our readers some idea of the plot of the story, we need say no more than that it is one of the best stories we have submitted to our readers' attention.

In this issue we also give the first instalment of a short story by Ella Wheeler-Wilcox, to be concluded in our next. It is written in the author's most powerful strain, and we are are sure there are none of our readers but will sympathize with poor, vain thoughtless, loving, trusting Mollie.

This is a good opportunity for intending subscribers to commence, as, after the month, it is not easy to secure back numbers; so that in order to get the stories complete you had better subscribe *at once.*

PRETTY BONNETS.

Bonnets for dressy wear are this season smaller than ever, at least they have not enlarged, and by comparison with the varied and somewhat nondescript styles worn during the summer look exceedingly small and very stylish. Velvet is very much used for trimming the pretty chapeaus worn during the early fall season, and the fashionable shades of red, dark green or mulberry make a charming contrast with the fancy straws in rich Tuscan tones, and with the trimmings, which consist of fruits, grapes, small peaches, walnuts, wheat mixed with poppies, and a very good imitation of golden-rod. A new autumn bonnet has a crown of velvet and gold which forms a net-work. The velvet in soft *roulcaux*, with a line of gold embroidery, and the trimming gold thistles combined with velvet bows. There are some pretty small black lace bonnets with a group of three deep red roses for theatre wear, and the same shape is made in cream lace with tea roses. These bonnets have no strings, and need fluffy hair of a light tint to give them "expression." The deep tint of the straws, the gold and Leghorn tinted straws, seems to justify ladies in wearing them late into autumn, and certainly they are eminently suited to September. Some stylish ones are faced with cross-cut velvet, black or dark green, and trimmed with the same, to which is added a bouquet of deep red pomegranate blossoms, or a bunch of mountain ash berries. Many ladies are obliged to buy a small dressy bonnet on returning to town, because they have had no use for one in the country and must bridge the period before appearing in winter velvet, a gold straw, such as described, is more useful for this purpose, because it can be worn upon any occasion and put away for early spring, if desired. Small bonnets of currant red velvet have been sent from Paris, very stylishly finished with fine gold lace, and long slender gold pins or needles, no other trimming.



LACE PINS AND EAR RINGS—ACTUAL SIZE.

No. 1.—A dressy set comprising a pin and ear-rings of heavy polished "rolled" gold, the design combining a heavy scroll bar with knife-edge scroll having a trefoil at one end of each. Four turquoises are placed obliquely across the middle, connecting the bars, and a small pearl is placed on each slender bar. The ear-rings match in design, but are without the pearls. The ring wires are solid gold. Price for the set, $5.75. For the pin, $3; or the ear-rings, $2.75 per pair.

No. 2.—This unique design has a solid front, and "rolled" gold back, with delicate filigree ornamentation between the upright bars. Price, $3.

No. 3.—These pretty "rolled" gold ear-rings are pear-shaped drops of filigree, with scrolls of polished gold connecting them with the shells of filigree on the top. The wires are solid gold. Price, $2.50 per pair.

No. 4.—Solid roman gold ball ear-ring with satin finish. The surface of the ball is ornate with filigree, and the ornament from which it swings is enriched by delicate tracery to correspond. Price, $6.75 per pair.

No. 5.—A handsome set comprising pin and ear-ring in "rolled" Roman gold with satin finish, highly ornamented with filigree. The bar of the pin has two balls at each end, the terminating ones being filled with filigree and the others having a turquoise set in each. Three pendent balls have filigree work on them, and the large centre one has eight turquoises placed diagonally across it. The ear-rings match in design, and the wires are solid gold. Price for the set, $6.25. For the pin $3.25; the ear-rings, $2 per pair.

No. 6.—A graceful design in polished "rolled" gold. The smooth bar terminates in a chased crook, and supports a daisy with leaves, its long stem twisted around the bar. The leaves of the flower are alternately frosted and polished gold, and in the centre is a pure white stone in diamond setting, with patent foil back, which greatly enriches its effect. Price, $2.75.

No. 7.—Screw ear-knob, with a pure white stone sunk in a setting of solid gold highly polished. The stone has a patent foil back which gives it the brilliancy of a genuine diamond. Price, $4.25 per pair.

No. 8.—A lily of highly polished "rolled" gold constitutes the design of this pin. The inside of the lily is of dull Roman gold, and the leaves are of the polished gold, attached to the stem or bar which is twisted in the middle. Price, $2.75.

No. 9.—Scroll pin of polished "rolled" gold with knife-edged ornamentation, and with filigree balls at each end and similar ones placed obliquely in the centre. The larger ball has three turquises set crosswise in it, and the smaller ones in either side have one in each. Price, $3.

No. 10.—Three acuminate leaves, neatly and naturally grooved, and one lovely violet, the stem of which winds about the stems of the leaves artistically securing them, are represented in this pin of "rolled" gold. The flower is of green frosted gold with a brilliant dew-drop nestling in its centre, represented by a handsome white stone in diamond setting, with a patient foil back which increases its lustre. Price, $3.

No. 11.—Lace pin in "rolled" Roman gold with delicate filigree work covering the outer side. The bar, which has a dainty thread of filigree wound around it, crosses the larger ring which has a ball above and below, the center of each ball being of polished rolled gold. An ornamental corn and tassels of filigree fall from either side of the bar, the tassels forming pendants which hang below the ring. Price, $3.25.

No. 12.—A delicate lace pin in highly polished "rolled" gold, with dainty ornamentation of knife-edge work and trefoils, and a beautiful white stone set in diamond mounting, with the pataent foil back which gives it the brilliancy of a genuine diamond. Price, $2.75.

No. 13.—Ball ear-rings of highly polished solid Gold, arranged so as to fit closely to the ears. Price, $3.25.

No. 14.—An odd design for a lace pin of "rolled" gold, representing three curved bars with a horse thistle at the end of each incrusted with filigree, the tiny leaf at the base of each being of green frosted gold. The arch which secures them in the centre is ornamented in the middle with filigree, and the rims are of polished gold; while the pendants is decorated with filigree, with a polished gold band around the centre of it. Price, $3.

No. 15.—Neat and pretty ear-rings of solid Roman gold with delicate filigree ornamentation. They are arranged to hang closely to the ears. Price, $4.75 per pair.

All of these goods are of first-class material and workmanship, and many of the designs in "rolled" gold are facsimiles of those made in solid gold.

The bracelets can only be furnished in pairs, not singly. Any of these articles can be obtained by forwarding price and addressing S. FRANK WILSON, 33 and 35 Adelaide St. W. Toronto.

Willing to please: Mistress (to lazy housemaid)—"Now, Mary, you know I am going to give a ball to morrow night, and I shall expect you to bestir yourself and be useful generally." Mary—"Yes, mum, but I'm sorry to say I can't dance."

A FAMOUS ESTABLISHMENT.

Not many Canadian firms can boast of so wide-spread or well deserved a popularity as the famous house of Petley & Petley, Toronto, whose success has, during the last few years been as rapid as it has been phenominal. Not many months ago it was found necessary, owing to the extraordinary increase in business, and the enlarged stock that had to be carried, to alter and enlarge the premises; the result being that the Golden Griffin is now one of the largest, handsomest, best lighted, and best patronized stores in the city. The stock they carry in all their departments is very large, and is always fresh, new, and of the very best. Carpets and Silks they have made more or less specialties—in fact they are recognised as the leading Carpet and Silk house in the city. In these two branches the purchaser has an immense variety to select from, at prices that are within the reach of all. Being direct importers, and buying strictly for cash they are enabled to sell at figures which are astonishingly low when the quality of the goods is considered. This is the great secret of their success—they sell *good* goods at the price asked elsewhere for shoddy or bankrupt stocks. In all their departments the same care and experience is brought to bear in the purchase of the goods. Their Millinery display is unequalled; and their stock of hats and caps is new, fresh and stylish, and will well repay a visit. In the house furnishing department those about to marry, or desirous of refurnishing, will find everything that they may require in that line, the stock being very large and varied. Their low prices have made trade lively with them, and they have commenced offering unusual inducements to cash buyers in the Dress Good department, which will be continued until the end of the month. All summer goods, remnants, odd pieces, etc., will be sold at special clearing prices to make way for new fall goods. Their entire stock of summer silk, prints, ginghams, lawns, muslins, white dress goods, parasols, underwear, gloves, lace mits, must go, and will be sold at prices certain to command an immediate sale. Their assortment of wraps, mantles, shawls, jerseys, etc., is full and complete, and affords an unsurpassed opportunity for purchasers. All their goods are first-class, and sold at rock bottom prices. Petley & Petley guarantee everything to be as represented. The reputation of the firm has for many years been established for fair dealing and selling goods of the very best qualities only. Their corps of saleswomen and salesmen is expert and obliging. Their fall trade is being anticipated by orders already placed for the finest and most varied assortment of goods for the fall and winter they have ever shown. Visitors to Toronto during the Exhibition should not omit paying a visit to this immense establishment, which is one of the sights of the city, and is well worth a visit. Even if you do not buy, you will be gladly welcomed and courteously conducted through the various departments by Mr. Petley or a gentlemanly deputy.

A Troy, N. Y., laundry firm will soon open a branch in London, England, manned by girls from the parent house.

On the subject of winning a husband, a woman writes "Men love to be big and great to their wives. That's the reason why a helpless little woman can marry three times to a sensible, self-reliant woman'snone."

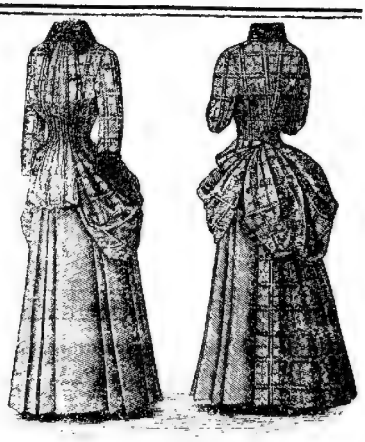
A girl at Long Branch has a music box in her bath house. It is a valuable and large instrument, and she pays a servant by the season to take it to the bath house and back to her room every day. It probably plays "What Are the Wild Waves Saying?" or, "Mother, May I Go Out to Swim?"

NEMIDA COSTUME.

A refined, quiet taste will appreciate the distinctive style which characterizes this costume, made in dark blue cloth and trimmed with diagonal tinsel braid, black with silver. A protective plaiting is placed on the bottom of the foundation skirt, and the long front drapery is full and graceful. The upper portion of the back drapery is attached to the basque in a novel manner, forming a bouffant puff, below which it falls in side plaits entirely concealing the underskirt. The plain tight-fitting basque has sleeves gathered full at the shoulders, and is completed by a narrow standing collar. The jaunty hat that is worn with this costume is a dark blue felt trimmed with a twisted band of velvet, secured on one side with a silver dagger, and a bunch of ostrich tips. The design is appropriate for silks, cloths and goods of a camel's-hair texture, and trimming should be selected to correspond with the material. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

"In what condition was the patriarch Job at the end of his life?" asked a Sunday-school teacher of a quiet-looking boy at the foot of the class. "Dead," calmly replied the boy.

"Dear," said a young wife, clasping her husband fondly, "it almost breaks my heart to let you go." "You shouldn't be so foolish," he replied; "it's only a short distance, and I'll be home to-morrow." "I know it is not a long journey, but there are so many accidents happening that I shan't rest easy a single moment while you are gone, unless—unless—" "Unless what, my dear?" he asked lovingly. "Unless you buy an accident insurance ticket."



LIVIA COSTUME.

Simplicity and style combined make this model most desirable. The short, gracefully draped polonaise has the fronts laid in plaits, while a Moliere plastron adds to the dressy effect of the design, which is especially becoming to slender figures. The skirt is laid in clustered side-plaits in front and at the sides, and is concealed at the back by a plain drapery falling below the polonaise. The pattern will be valued for silks, nun's veiling, buntings and other woollens of light and medium weight, as well as for some heavier materials. A combination will be found effective and dressy. Price of patterns, thirty cents each size.

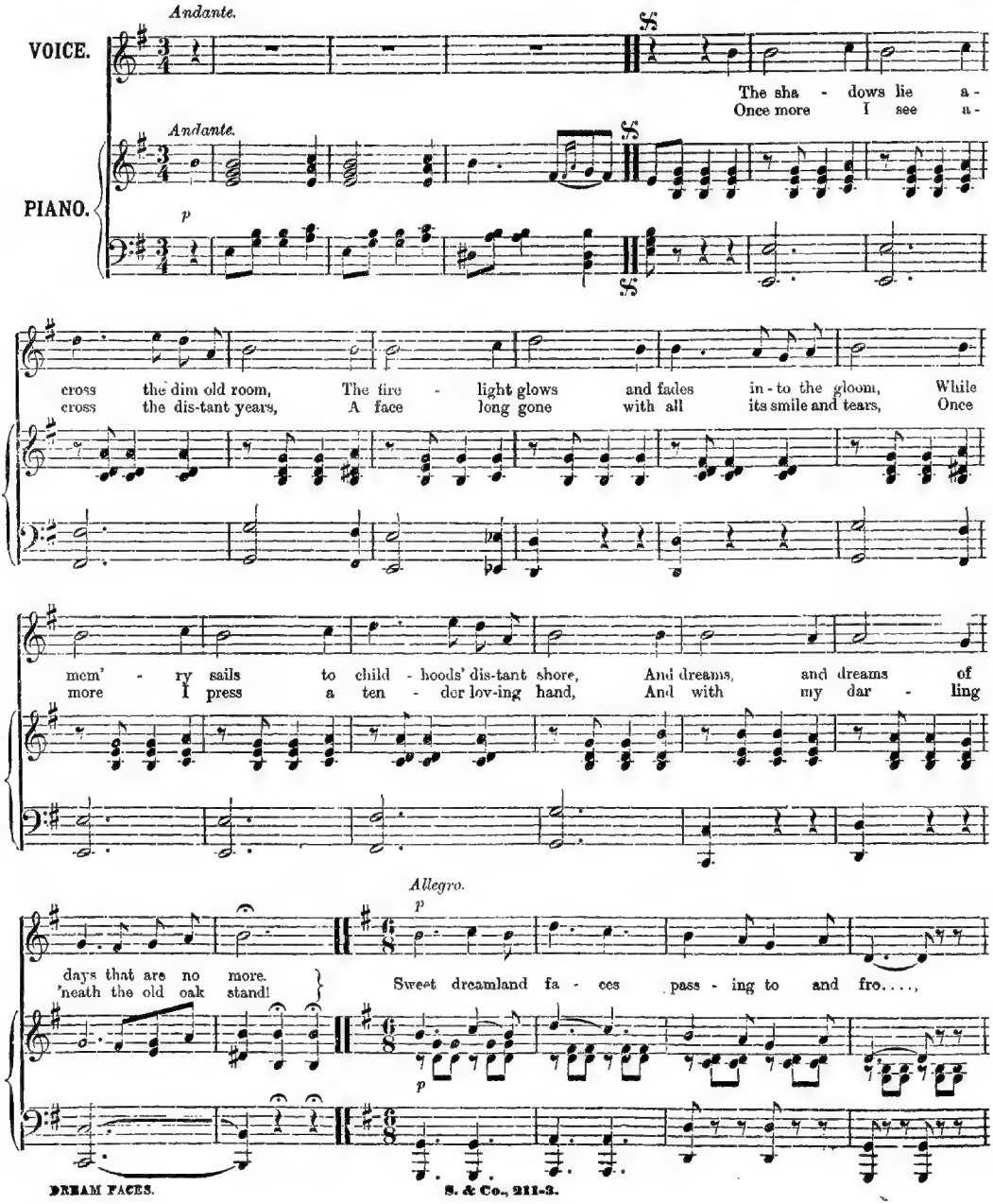
PAULINE COSTUME.

A quaint and unusually attractive design. The lower edge of the plaited flounce is faced with a contrasted material, and above this are three tucks. The front drapery forms a full puff, and the back is quite bouffant; while the tight-fitting bodice is cut square over a gathered *guimpe*, a style that is generally becoming to the young. All materials, except the heaviest, can be made in this way with pretty effect. Light woolen goods, buntings, grenadines, and satines, as well as many other fabrics, are very attractive when arranged after this model, with a contrasting material in combination, as illustrated. Patterns in sizes for fourteen and sixteen years. Price, twenty-five cents each.

DREAM FACES.

SONG.

Words and Music by Wm. M. HUTCHISON.



2

Bring back to mem' - ry days of long a - go Mur - mur - ing gent - ly

still the old re - frain, "Hope on, dear loved one, we shall meet a - gain——."

1. 2.

Andante.

p

But all I loved are gone, And

I a - lone in life, To wait, and wait, and wait, Till Death shall end the strife; Un -

pp cres - - - - - - - cen - - - - - do.

til once more I join tee hearts that loved me best, Where the

pp cres - - - - - cen - - - - - do.

3

pp rall. *ad lib.*

wick - ed cease from troubling, And the weary are at rest——.

pp rall. *ad lib.*

Allegretto.

pp

Sweet dreamland fa - ces pass - ing to and fro——, Bring back to

pp

mem' - ry days of long a - go——. Mur - mur - ing gent - ly

cresc.

still the old re - frain——, "Hope on, dear loved one, we shall meet a -

cresc.

ff *ad lib.*

gain—, We shall meet, shall meet a - gain——."

ff *ad lib.*

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.

There is no country in the world with so many variations of climate as this one in which we live, and none other in which so many changes of clothing and such different degrees of warmth are required within the same, or so nearly the same range of temperature. In the early days American women had neither time nor opportunity to study their personal comfort and adapt their clothing, in it general or special aspects, to the differences in climate or the changes in temperature. Home-spun wool, with chintz cottons as a luxury, and silk taffeta or brocade as a rare part of the bravery of attire, satisfied those brave, self-sacrificing and industrious women—the foremothers of America—to whom the Dominion owes more than it knows, or than it will ever acknowledge. If the times were such as tried men's souls, they tried women, body, soul, and spirit—the times tried the men, both times and men tried the women. Fortunately for this generation—is it fortunately?—the women of it are not "tried" in the hard ways of their mothers and grandmothers They possess that which their fathers and mothers won by self-denial and patient endurance; and they have many of them means and opportunity to cultivate the beautiful side of life, the arts and elegancies of which their ancesters knew little. Dress has only of late, here at least, taken rank as one of the arts. The Puritans despised it, or thought they did, though it is doubtful if the demure wearer of a mob cap and muslin handkerchief did not feel as proud of their fineness and whiteness as the grand dame of her satins and diamonds. Pride does not need a particular kind of a peg to hang itself upon. And it was not at all surprising, after this era of devotion and Puritanic severity, that there should be a rebound, a reaction, a desire for beauty, or for what represented beauty to an uncultivated taste, and fashion and fancy run riot over a field that was new and almost untrodden.

The American women of this generation have been famous everywhere for their love of ornament and the accessories of the toilet. Paris itself is stimulated in their production by the incessant demands of the American market, and by the fertility of resources in suggesting and disposing of them. Nowhere else in the world, except Paris, are so many small wares found as in the stores of New York—such endless, ties, bows, knots, fichus, handkerchiefs, hair ornaments, pins, clasps, and what not; and they are still popularly sought for in endless succession by thousands who have not the income to warrant large expenditure, and feed their desire for beauty and novelty on these small crumbs, of which it naturally takes a good many to make a satisfactory meal. There are women, however, who have either exhausted desire in this direction, or had it exhausted for them, and have taken another step in advance, not despising or undervaluing dress and its influence, as well-meaning but ignorant persons often do, but studying it from the practical and truly esthetic standpoint, and estimating it rightly for its manifold uses and its power to conceal or soften defects, or add to personal comfort and attractiveness. Civilization demands more of us in every way than a primitive life, and the woman, like the man, is always endeavoring to adapt herself to her environment. The furnace-heated house is a modern institution; it does not seem to bear any particular relation to dress, yet, in reality, it compels much attention to underware of various degrees and thicknesses, to in and out-door wraps, to the protection required for rapid transitions, and the production of textures which will possess a certain amount of warmth with a minimum of weight. The women who cultivate dress most intelligently are not those who make a sensation with the newest in stripes or figures, but the one who best adapts her dress to her own person and personal uses. Such a woman may carry around many trunks, yet dress very plainly. She has many changes of underwear of different degrees of thickness and thinness in woollen, cotton, and linen. She has changes of shoes, hosiery, and underskirts, for in and out of doors, for cold weather and warm, for wet weather and dry. She has flannel suits and tailor-made cloth dresses, Mother Hubbard wrappers, which are worn only in the privacy of her own room, and princess wrappers in which she may be seen by intimates. She has walking and visiting costumes, dinner and evening dresses, toilets particularly adapted to the opera or theatre, and others in which she may receive a few friends for a quiet "at home." Each one of these will have its peculiar *cachet* of adaptability, and this must be preserved, for it is more important to intelligent good taste than novelty. Then of wraps there are a dozen, each of which is necessary to the woman of position who goes and comes—not to church or to market alone—but to call, to drive (in all weathers), for the horses must have their airing—who must be ready for a trip to Europe as quickly and with as little preparation as our grandmothers would have required to go to the next town. Who go during the summer from the seaside to the mountains, then north to the region of snows, returning to the torrid zone before the heats have ceased to be tropical. Fans, gloves, shawls, umbrellas, parasols, are all a necessary part of a woman's impedimenta, and they all demand attention, not so much, as before remarked, for the sake of finding out what is new as what can be found that will harmonize with the toilet with which it will be worn, or on general principles with the style of dresses which the wearer considers becoming to her. It is now very common to hear ladies say, "I never wear so-and so;" or "It is not my style;" "I could not wear such things, they do not suit me." To this class of women dress may be as important as any other, and they may spend as much money upon it; but they control it—they do not allow it to control them. They use fashion when fashion suits them—they are not slaves to imaginary dictates issued at random to cover spaces. The age, our complicated social life and diversity of tastes demand an almost infinite variety, and our eyes find constant evidence of the failure to mark rigid lines, or create arbitrary restrictions. Modern dress and the modern dwelling have both asserted their individuality, and the result promises, on the whole, to be every way advantageous.

WHAT THEY ARE SAYING.

CALEDON, JULY, 1884.

S. FRANK WILSON, ESQ., Toronto.

SIR,—Please pardon my long delay in returning my sincere thanks for the watch I received in last competition of LADIES' JOURNAL. It is indeed far beyond my expectations. Your paper we admire much, wishing it every success.

I am,
Yours respectfully,
CARRIE B. MCFAYDEN,
Caledon P.O., Ont.

PETERSVILLE, QUEEN'S CO., N. B.

EDITOR LADIES' JOURNAL, Toronto.

DEAR SIR,—The watch awarded me as No. 20 in the consolation rewards in LADIES' JOURNAL competition No. 5, came duly to hand. Accept my thanks for same. It continues a good timekeeper.

Yours, much obligod,
THOMAS LEONARD.

July 22nd, 1884.

STAYNER, JULY 29, 1884.

EDITOR LADIES' JOURNAL.

DEAR SIR,—I have neglected to thank you for the very handsome gold watch I was fortunate enough to win in the late competition, but do so now.

Yours truly,
A. C. MACINTYRE.

MONTREAL, JULY 28, 1884.

EDITOR LADIES' JOURNAL

DEAR SIR,—We received the prize awarded me in the shape of an elegant pair of lace curtains with which my wife was very much pleased. They are very beautiful. Please accept my thanks for them. I am, dear sir,

Yours respectfully,
ALFRED BRADSHAW.

MARRINGHURST, MAN., July 19, 1884

SIRS,—Advised by S. Frank Wilson, Esq., Toronto, you shipped me six weeks ago a beautiful Cabinet organ. I received the same yesterday; it came without a scratch. Thanks to your good boxing. I need not say that the instrument is very much thought of in this neighborhood. Thanks also for the five years' warranty sent along with it.

Yours sincerely,
MAGGIE JACKSON.

CLIFTON, NEW LONDON, Aug. 2, '84

EDITOR LADIES' JOURNAL.

DEAR SIR,—Received by mail a few days ago, the prize I obtained in your last Bible Competition. I have tried in a good many competitions and I have nearly always been successful, though I have never yet secured a very valuable reward. I am very happy to be able to recommend you to your numerous readers, as a person who deals fairly with everybody, and who always performs what he promises Wishing success to the LADIES' JOURNAL

Yours.
WM M. MCKAY,
Clifton, New London, P.E.I.

OXENDEN, Aug. 1st, 1884.

S. FRANK WILSON, ESQ.

DEAR SIR,—I certainly owe you an apology for my tardiness in acknowledging receipt of the prize which I was so fortunate to win in LADIES' JOURNAL competition No. 6. It was altogether owing to force of circumstances, and not to ingratitude or carelessness, that I was prevented from doing that which it affords me very much pleasure to do, and which I can do with a good grace,—offer you my sincere thanks for your prize—a watch. Naturally I felt somewhat elated with my success, and consider I had good reasons for feeling so; nevertheless I felt satisfied that I was receiving the value of my investment in the paper alone, and every number only enhances its value in my estimation. So far I am well pleased with my watch, and think it is a good time-piece. I regret it being a gentleman's watch, for the reason I will have to part with it for one more suitable. Wishing TRUTH and the JOURNAL continued prosperity in every respect,

I remain,
Yours very sincerely,
MISS LOUIE REEVE,
Operator G. N. W. Tel. Co.

WALLACETOWN, July 14th, 1884.

To Editor LADIES' JOURNAL.

I beg to acknowledge the receipt of gold watch, won in JOURNAL Competition. It is all that it is represented to be. There has been much said about those Bible Questions. It appears that many who think themselves good Bible students have tried and failed, so pronounced it all a fraud until the actual arrival of my watch proved the contrary. Many thanks for the beautiful present.

Yours truly,
H. C. MCLEAN.

PORT DOVER, Aug. 12, 1884.

SIR,—I received by express the baby carriage which I was fortunate enough to win in competition No. 6. It is far beyond my expectations. Accept my thanks for so valuable a prize.

Yours truly,
IDA VAREY.

COLUMBUS, July 30, 1884.

EDITOR LADIES' JOURNAL.

DEAR SIR,—Received the clock safe and sound. It seems to be running very well. Accept our thanks. May your prosperity continue

Yours etc.,
SAMUEL HOLMAN.

HAM, July 29, 1884.

MR. WILSON.

SIR.—I received with pleasure the clock awarded me in Competition No. 6; all who have seen it think it is very pretty. Please accept my hearty thanks.

Yours truly,
KATIE MCPHIE.

THREE RIVERS, July 28, 1884.

EDITOR LADIES' JOURNAL

DEAR SIR.—I should have returned you my thanks before now for the very pretty butter knife received; I am much pleased with it. Wishing you much success in your enterprise.

Yours,
M. D. TRENAMAN.

TO PRIZE WINNERS.

As many of the prize winners omit to send the amount required for postage or packing, when applying for prizes, we deem it necessary to remind them that money should accompany all applications as follows;—sewing machines. $2 00; guns and tea-services, $1 50; baby-carriages and clocks, 50 cents; dress-goods 30 cents; watches, 25 cents; books, spoons, and handkerchiefs, 12 cents; butter knives and pickle forks, 6 cents.

50 **YOUR NAME** printed in pretty type on 50 Lovely Chromo Cards, (no 2 alike,) Just out, 10c., 7 packs 50c., 15 packs $1.00. **12 New Fancy Border Cards,** (name concealed by hand holding flowers with mottoes) 20c. **Illustrated Premium List** sent with each order. Agents' Outfit 10c. Big Sample Book 25c. **Address, ONTARIO CARD HOUSE, St. Thomas, Ont.**

HOW MOLLIE SAVED THE TRAIN.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

There was a tap at my door, and Miss Trimmings entered.

She was beautifully attired for the street, and carried a dainty silk porte-monnaie hung by a gold ring upon one finger.

"I am going out. Is there anything I can do for you in the line of shopping?" she asked, at the same time turning gracefully about, that I might see the jaunty tilt of the left side of her hat, while ostensibly she sought for a better light on a refractory glove button.

"No, I thank you," I said. "You know my wants are few; but you were kind to come in, and you are looking like a fashion-plate in the latest magazine. That is a costume which I have never seen before. Is it new?"

"Oh dear, no! I have worn it two or three times at least; but never here. I don't like the front darts—they run too high and give me a bad figure, I think. But I may as well wear it in this dull place. I do hope papa will tire of it and take me away—I don't suppose he will, though, for he seems delighted with the scenery, and imagines the waters help his rheumatism. Well, good bye. I am glad you like my dress."

And Miss Trimmings went out.

Now her name was not Miss Trimmings at all, but Agnes Curshaw; but I may as well tell you at once that I am a queer old woman, with old-fashioned notions about some things, a great many aches and pains, and numerous disagreeable qualities.

I am a childless widow, with a competence and rheumatism; and from dwelling much alone within myself at innumerable health-resorts and watering-places, where I sought cures for my pains, I fell into the habit of discovering the peculiarities of people, and nicknaming them accordingly, to amuse myself.

As I made no confidants and these matters, I entertained myself and harmed no one.

When I came to "Sulpher Lake"—one of those mineral spring resorts so numerous in Wisconsin and Minnesota, springing up along the two lines of railroad like mushrooms in the night—when I came there, I say, lured by wonderful stories of miraculous curative properties found in the waters, the summer hotel, which was no more than a private residence enlarged by the addition of a wing and a veranda, contained but two regular guests. These were Miss Curshaw and her father. The latter, owing to our respective rheumatisms, which kept us much in our rooms, I seldom saw.

Miss Agnes sought me out in my retirement and declared herself fairly dying for want of companionship. I endeavored to entertain her to the best of my ability, but for a time I seemed to make poor progress.

I was unable to find any subject of conversation congenial to her taste.

I spoke of her father's physical ailments, but she declared herself worn to a skeleton listening to and talking of his aches and pains.

"Pray let us speak of something else," she said. "I am sure I am sympathetic, but I am so much with papa that when I get with other people I want a change of mental diet, you see."

Then I broached books, but Miss Agnes yawned, and when I asked her who were her favorite authors she said she really did not know. That she believed Howells and James were very popular just now, though she had never read their books. She recalled a charming story called "The Hidden Hand," which she once read, but she had forgotten the author's name.

"Perhaps your taste runs more to poetry," I suggested.

"Yes, I think it does," she answered. "I have a young gentleman friend—Mr. Archer — Hugh Archer — who writes beautiful verses. He wrote a rondeau (he called it by that name, though I am sure I don't know what it means) upon a new walking hat I once had. Every verse ended with 'That jaunty hat.' It *was* a lovely hat—I was so sorry when it went out of style. I never have been able to find another shape so becoming."

"Aha!" I ejaculated mentally. "I have found her vulnerable heel."

And I proceeded to draw out her hidden powers of conversation upon the subject of the fashions.

She was voluble, as I expected. Thereafter I was never unable to interest her. I had only to admire her numerous costumes, to discuss those of the "transients," who came and went as the season progressed, to question her upon the newest freaks of fashion, and Miss Agnes was at ease, highly entertained, and entertaining.

And so I called her Miss Trimmings.

As I turned to the window to watch her go down the street—for I enjoyed the picturesque effect of her soft gray draperies and her scarlet parasol against the rugged green bluffs that surrounded Sulphur Lake—I saw Miss Folly standing on the veranda, giving arch glances to two or three young men who were smoking and lounging in the July sunshine.

Miss Folly was the name I had given to Mollie Sawyer, our landlord's daughter.

She was not more than sixteen, but voluptuously developed in figure, and with a face full of a rich animal beauty. She helped about the house, sometimes assisting in the dining-room when the tables were crowded, and seemed a willing, capable girl. Her father and mother were inordinately proud of her.

"Moll can turn her hand to most anything," Mr. Sawyer had been heard to remark in the office to a bevy of his guests. "She can cook, and wait on table, and make a shirt, and play a pianer and sing with the best of our fine ladies; and she can ride a horse like a circus performer, and dance like anything, and she's as good as she is handsome."

"All the young fellows about here are quite crazy over Mollie," Mrs. Sawyer, a thin, weak voiced little woman said to me one day, as Miss Mollie was called for by two rival admirers at one time; "but Mollie just laughs and jokes with all of them, and that's the end of it. They call her a great flirt, but she's set her mind on something higher than the fellows around these parts."

"She is rather young to be thinking of such things, isn't she?" I queried cautiously.

"Oh, I don't know, Mollie is sixteen and large for her age. It's natural she should attract attention, and natural she should like it, too. I want her to have a good time while she can, care will come soon enough."

"Yes, but I should think you would feel like guarding her rather carefully," I ventured, "she is so young, and so exposed here in the hotel. There are so many dangers surrounding a handsome, inexperienced girl of Mollie's age."

Mrs. Sawyer laughed carelessly. "I'll risk Mollie," she said; "she'll always look out for herself. She isn't one of the kind to get fooled easily, Mollie isn't; she's too smart."

I could say no more. When father and mother were so full of confidence and security regarding their daughter's welfare, it ill becomes me to be solicitous.

Yet, as I watched Mollie from my window that July afternoon, I felt like snatching her away from that bevy of loungers, and shutting her handsome, foolish face in my clothes-press for twenty-four hours.

There she was, all smartly dressed in a freshly laundried blue cambric—a great bunch of red roses at her belt, her short skirts displaying her rounded ankles, as she whisked up and down the length of the veranda, exchanging saucy sallies and arch glances with the young men whom she had not known twenty-four hours. They were only transient guests, like most of the young men who came to Sulphur Lake, stopping over a train, or for a day, to fish, or hunt, or merely to see what the place was like, and then journeying on to more attractive or more fashionable resorts.

I heard Mrs. Sawyer's thin treble voice calling, "Mollie, come here a moment," just then, and Mollie dashed away, like a young doe. And I heard the young men comment on her shape, and laugh in a way that made my blood run cold, as she disappeared.

When Miss Trimmings returned from her walk to the post-office, and about the little town, there was quite an unusual glow upon her somewhat sallow face. She came direct to my room, and after walking before the mirror and pulling down the basque of her dress in the back, she set a paper of caramels and gum-drops on my table, and sank into a chair.

"Well," she said, "the monotony is going to be broken somewhat for me. I have a friend coming!"

"Indeed," I answered, thinking she looked almost pretty with that flush on her cheek, and sparkle in her eye, "I am glad for you. Is it a dear friend?"

Miss Trimmings turned a solitaire ring on her left hand in an absent-minded manner.

"Why, yes," she said; "it is a very dear friend of papa's and mine. It is the young man I mentioned who wrote the verses about my hat—Mr. Archer."

"Oho! then we are to have a poet here, are we!" I responded laughingly. "Well, now I suppose the beauty and wonders of Sulphur Lake resort will be sung for all the world to hear."

"Oh, he's not a real poet—I mean he doesn't make it a business, or a profession, or whatever you may call it. He is an attorney-at-law; and a very eloquent pleader, papa says. I never heard him plead, myself."

"What! never?" I repeated, and Miss Trimmings burst out laughing, and blushed very prettily.

"Oh, Mrs. Dillingham," she said, "I never thought *you* would be guilty of quoting 'Pinafore,' and in such a way. Well, then, I never heard Mr. Archer plead in *public*. Dear me, how this basque does hunch up in the back; I will never trust that modiste again—never. She was highly recommended to me but she just ruined this dress. And now I want to show you such lovely samples of wash-goods. I sent to Chicago for them, and they came in to-day's mail. Wouldn't this be just too sweet for anything made up with torchon lace, or embroidery in colors?" And for a full half hour I worshiped with Miss Trimmings over her samples. And Mr. Archer, pleader and poet, seemed entirely forgotten.

When we went into supper that evening, I sat near Miss Trimmings and her father, who was enthusiastic over the benefits he received from the mineral waters, and I confessed myself much better than when I came.

"I shall stay the season out," he said, "and give the place a fair trial."

"I fear your daughter will die of ennui," I answered.

"Of *what*, ma'am? is she ailing?" asked the old gentleman with sudden solicitude. Mr. Curshaw, who had passed twenty years of his life in the mining region, was possessed of more money than education.

"Of weariness—dullness," I explained.

"Oh!" said Mr. Curshaw, with a relieved laugh. "Well, she'll get over that when to-morrow afternoon arrives; or rather to-morrow evening, about 11 P.M. We have a friend coming to amuse her.

"I shouldn't think Mrs. Sawyer would allow her little girl to wait on the tables," said Miss Trimmings, suddenly changing the conversation.

"She is scarcely a little girl any longer," I responded. "She is a young lady in stature, and altogether too handsome to live the unguarded life she does in this hotel."

Miss Trimmings surveyed Mollie as she flitted about the tables, with that coldly critical look which only one woman can give another.

"Do you think her handsome?" she asked, "I don't, she is too fat."

Miss Trimmings was of the Burne-Jones style of damsel in form.

"But she seems to have quite an idea of getting herself up effectively," she continued. "And in this benighted region, where there are no ideas of fashion and no dressmakers, she makes a very presentable appearance. Too bad she can't live where she can learn how to dress stylishly. Her figure could be wonderfully improved in a well-fitted dress."

"Too bad she can't be chaperoned," I responded rather tartly. "She needs a careful adviser more than she needs a dressmaker."

"Oh, I don't know," Miss Trimmings mused. "I am rather in favor of the American freedom for girls. I was never chaperoned, and papa always lets me look after myself, and I never get into any trouble through it. I think a modest girl naturally knows what is proper, and though she may sometimes be imprudent in an excess of spirits, people understand it and excuse her. And it is so much better than the old country surveillance, which is an absolute insult to any pure-minded girl."

"They may carry it to an extreme in foreign countries," I replied; "in fact, I think they do. But I confess I would like to see a little more of it here. And it *is* creeping into our most careful circles, just as our broader liberality of thought and life is creeping into foreign society. It would be no insult to Miss Mollie if her mother restricted her absolute freedom of action here, and taught her the dangers of too great familiarity with strangers. It would be a kindness. She is as full of bounding life as a young doe, and as ignorant of the world as a baby, and as vain as a peacock. I tremble for her good name; for talk as much as we will about the respect the American gentleman shows womankind, I hear men every day of my life, wherever I go, comment on the forms, faces, conduct, and demeanor of innocent women, in a way that fairly makes my old blood boil and congeal alternately. Of course you do not hear these things as I do, Miss Agnes; if you did, you would feel that a woman could not be too careful, even in this land of the brave and the home of the free."

"Well, we all judge the world more or less from our own experiences," Miss Agnes replied, as we rose from the table, "and as mine have been pleasant, and, so far as I know, have never caused me to be severely scandalized, I naturally take a liberal view of these matters, and I am sure I could never abide a chaperon."

"But you must remember many young girls are endowed with less prudence, and more weaknesses than you," I said; and as I moved off to my room, I added mentally, "with more beauty and vitality. I would as soon think of a dressmaker's model being imprudent as you Miss Trimmings." I fear that was a disagreeable appendix to my remarks, but I confess I often quite lose my patience with women who pride themselves on their own blameless, immaculate lives, and shew no pity and no charity for those who are imprudent or unwise; forgetting that

God makes human natures just as different as He makes plants, some needing the utmost care and protection, others blooming hardily and healthily through sun or frost.

It was full forty-eight hours before I saw Miss Trimmings again. The following day was cold and wet, which caused Mr. Curshaw to keep his room, and his daughter remained in attendance upon him; while I groaned the hours away with only my little black maid for company.

The next morning was bright and sunny, but I breakfasted in my room. Just as Chloe was wheeling my chair to the window, a tap sounded at my door, and I said "Come in," expecting to see the stylish angular form and clear-cut sallow face of Miss Trimmings enter. Instead, the Venus-like proportions and Hebe countenance of Miss Folly appeared.

"Mother sent me to see how you were," she explained. "We didn't see you at all yesterday, and feared you might be sick."

"I was ill yesterday—the rain renewed my rheumatism of course. But I shall be out to dinner to-day," I replied.

"Well, I'm glad of that," Miss Mollie said. "I like to see everybody out meals. I just enjoy a crowd, and we had half a dozen arrivals last night. One perfect *swell* from Chicago, a Mr. Archer. Oh, but he is stunning—such a mustache, and big, solemn eyes with white lids half covering them. I mean to go for him."

"To *what*, Miss Mollie!"

"To *go for* him," repeated Miss Mollie deliberately putting her head upon one side and looking at me with round blue saucy eyes. "That means set my cap for him. He is just the kind of a swell I have been looking for!"

"Oh, Mollie, how can you talk so!" I cried, fairly horrified with the girl's language and ideas. "Don't you know slang like that is vulgar, and unlady like? and how can you make such assertions about a stranger? You know nothing of him—he may be a gambler."

"Oh no, he isn't," Mollie asserted, shaking her head knowingly. "He is on very friendly terms with old money-bags, Mr. Curshaw, and his thin daughter, my! didn't she smile sweetly on him all through breakfast. Just you wait till I sail in and cut her out. He gave me one or two awful cute looks while I waited on him, which she didn't see."

"Mollie," I said gravely, "you are a very rash, foolish girl to allow any stranger to give you what you call cute looks. Don't you know that such a liberty is an insult? and if you do not resent it, men will think you are not a good girl?"

Mollie tossed her head.

"Oh, pshaw!" she answered. "Men are not so bad as some would make out. I've seen a great deal of them in the three years pa's been keeping hotel, and I'm not afraid of them. The fellows that come here just like to have a little flirtation, that's all. They like a girl with some life and fun in her too, and they all treat me well. They all know better than to say or do one thing out of the way before me. They know I've got a temper of my own if I choose to use it. Don't you worry about me, Mrs. Dillingham, I only mean to have a good time. I'll never be young but once, ma says. Well, by-by—just let us know if you want anything."

And the vain, self-conceited, crude, handsome creature tripped away, leaving me fairly sick at heart.

The afternoon was very warm and beautiful, and I had my chair taken out through the French window upon the veranda, where I could enjoy the sunshine, and a view of the rugged, picturesque scenery which characterizes Northern Wisconsin and Minnesota.

While I sat there, I saw two figures approachin from the winding street that led to the cluster of shops and the P. O. which constituted the village.

One was Miss Trimmings, arrayed all in white, with no end of tucks and frills and floating ribbons, the other I instantly recognized as Mr. Archer, from the description given me that morning by Miss Folly. The waxed mustache, the dark eyes, the drooping lids. He was of medium height, well built, and his white duck suit was extremely becoming to his dark, melancholy face.

He carried his companion's red parasol, and bent his head toward her while he conversed with an air of tender devotion.

I wondered to myself what they found to talk about. Was Mr. Archer interested in the latest fashions? Was he describing to his companion the new styles of hats and mantles? I had never found myself able to engage Miss Trimmings' attention for more than five minutes upon any other topic.

She brought him to me, and introduced him. Mr. Archer made an elaborate bow, and they both took seats near me. I studied the young man closely. He was very handsome and well-bred. But I felt instinctively that he was not a sincere character clear through.

His manner to Miss Agnes was impresive, yet I could not feel that he was earnestly and honestly in love with her. There was too much display, and not enough of that nameless deference and reverence which characterizes a true love.

After some moments, passed in light badinage and chit-chat, Miss Trimmings excused herself to go and see if her father needed her attention. She begged Mr. Archer to remain and entertain me.

Just as Miss Trimmings disappeared, Miss Folly came around from the wing of the building, all dressed for a walk. She wore a pink lawn, long lace mitts which displayed her handsome arms, a broad hat set well back on her head, and carried a small basket. She nodded to me brightly, and threw a side-glance at Mr. Archer, as she walked slowly toward the village, with various little tossings of the head and shoulders, which showed her consciousness of being observed.

Mr. Archer's eyes followed the girl's form as long as it was visible. Then after a few moments he remarked that he believed he would stroll in the yard and smoke a cigar, and fifteen minutes later I saw him walking idly down the street and out of sight.

I went back to my room, like an old turtle to its shell, feeling very much out of sorts with the whole world, in general, and the guests at Sulphur Lake in particular.

Miss Folly was waiting on the guests at supper again that evening, and her face fairly glowed with health and happiness. She was a goodly sight for old eyes, in her radiant young beauty, but my heart ached with an indefinable dread as I looked at her.

And no wonder.

Yet as the days wore on, my fears of a foolish flirtation between Mr. Archer and Mollie seemed groundless. I confess my first impression of that young gentleman led me to think he would not scruple to amuse himself at Miss Folly's expense. And she had deliberately announced her intention to "go to him," which translated I understood to mean to seek his attention.

To my surprise, however, and relief, Mollie's conduct underwent a marked change during the next month. She made herself less conspicuous, did not frequent the veranda so often, and her voice and laugh were less boisterous. Yet, she looked the picture of happiness—I often felt as if she carried with her an atmosphere of *suppressed joy*.

And she scarcely noticed Mr. Archer at all, and he never looked at her, save in the most casual manner.

After all, I concluded I was an old fool, and had better mind my own affairs and not borrow trouble about other people, who seemed quite able to look out for themselves.

Miss Trimmings no longer complained of the dullness, or expressed any desire to change her location. She received several express packages containing new dresses, and Mr. Archer's devotion remained unabated. Indeed, I sometimes thought each new costume called forth an increase of devotion from him. I sometimes wondered vaguely if she had been a poor man's daughter, plainly attired, whether handsome Hugh Archer would have given his whole summer to her entertainment in this quiet little health-resort.

And what did they talk about? This question still puzzled me, for I discovered Mr. Archer to be well read and decidedly bookish in his tastes, while story papers and fashion periodicals comprised Miss Trimmings' reading matter. And I could not imagine her being interested in even love-making, unless it was mixed with a discussion of the modes.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Said a nervous visitor to an Austin lady, at whose house she was making a call: "Are you not afraid that some of your children will fall into that cistern in your yard?" "Oh no," was the complacent reply; "anyhow, that's not the cistern we get our drinking-water from."

Use the safe, pleasant, and effectual worm killer, Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; nothing equals it.

Sir Samuel Moreland's travelling coach had a fire-place and grate, with which he could make a soup, broil cutlets, and roast an egg; and he dressed his meat byclockwork.

As well expect life without air, as health without pure blood. Cleanse the blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

Mackinaw straw hats are the best for mountain and seaside wear.

Mrs. Barnhart, cor. Pratt and Broadway, has been a sufferer for twelve years through rheumatism, and has tried every remedy she could hear of, but received no benefit until she tried Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil; she says she cannot express the satisfaction she feels at having her pain entirely removed and her rheumatism cured. There are base imitations of this medicine for sale; see that you get Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil.

Beau Brummel, speaking of a man, and wishing to convey his maximum of contemptuous feeling about him, said: "He is a fellow, now, that would send his plate up twice for soup!"

Have you tried Holloway's Corn Cure? It has no equal for removing these troublesome excrescences.

A crazy quilt may be an undesirable sort of an article, but it isn't half as bad as the spread of the cholera.

O. Bortle, of Manchester, Ontario Co., N. Y., writes: "I obtained immediate relief from the use of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. I have have had asthma for eleven years. Have been obliged to sit up all night for ten or twelve nights in succession. I can now sleep soundly on a feather bed, which I had not been able to do previously to using the Oil."

Dr. Paley, having been out fishing for a whole day, was asked on his return if he had met with good sport. "Oh yes," he answered, "I have caught no fish, but I have made a sermon."

"Facts are stubborn things," and sufferer from chills and fever generally find their complaint a very stubborn fact, until they commense to use Ayer's Ague Cure. That medicine eradicates the noxious poison from the system, and invariably cures even the worst cases.

Mr. R. A. Harrison, Chemist and Druggist, Dunnville, Ont., writes: "I can with confidence recommend Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure for Dyspepsia, Impure Blood, Pimples on the Face, Biliousness and Constipation—such cases having come under my personal observation."

Pope says:

One loves the pheasant's wing, and one the leg;
The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg.

Furred Tongue and impure Breath are two concomitants of biliousness remedied by Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. Heartburn, which harasses the dyspeptic after meals, and all the perplexing and changeful symptoms of established indigestion, are dispersed by this salutary corrective tonic and celebrated blood purifier.

The beaver is not profane, but he will dam a river when it is low as vigorously as a steamboat mate.

STAR CEMENT.—Unites and repairs every thing as good as new. Glass, china, stone earthnware, ivory, wood and leather, pipes sticks and precious stones, plates, mugs, jars lamp glasses, chimney ornaments, Picture Frames, Jewellry, trinkets, toys, etc.

A bachelor's view: "Men's rights ——" and this is as much as they deserve.

A RUN FOR LIFE.—Sixteen miles were covered in two hours and ten minutes by a lad sent for a bottle of Briggs' Electric Oil. Good time, but poor policy to be so far from a drug-store without it.

A woman who would give fifty dollars for a pug dog, would give twice that much to get rid of a pug nose. There are pugs and pugs.

Many sink into an early grave by not giving immediate attention to a slight cough which could be easily stopped in time by the use of a twenty-five cent bottle of Dr. Wistar's Pulmonic Syrup.

Some people are "clothed in their right minds," but forgetful ones are clothed in their left minds.

What makes me laugh when others sigh?
No tears can e'er bedew mine eye
It is because I always buy—Briggs' Life Pills.

John L. Sullivan is the strongest man at the Boston bar.

What is it makes me hale and stout,
And all my friends can't make it out,
I really could not live without—Briggs' Life Pills.

The camel has a hump higher than anything the base ball field can show up.

So if you're sad, or grieved, or ill,
Pray, do not pay a doctor's bill,
But take a dose of—Briggs' Life Pills.

Short fob chains are worn by ladies as well as gentlemen.

SORE EYES.—The Golden Eye Salve is one of the best articles now in the market for sore or inflamed eyes, weakness of sight, and granulation of the lids.

A bald headed man hasn't much to be proud of, but he always wants to put on hairs.

A FAMILY MEDICINE.—Over ten thousand boxes of Briggs' Life Pills are sold yearly in the Dominion of Canada, which is the best guarantee of their quality and the estimation in which they are held as a family medicine.

Bathing suits are belted with woollen cloths to match.

For worms in children, be sure and inquire for Sitzer's Vermifuge Candy. The genuine article bears the signature of the proprietor on each box. ☞ The public are respectfully informed that the Vermifuge Candy can be purchased of the principal druggists and dealers throughout the United States and Canada.

A sower trial—testing an agricultural implement.

HAVE YOU TRIED IT?—If so, you can testify to its marvellous power of healing, and recommend it to your friends. We refer to Briggs Magic Relief, the grand specific for all summe complaints, diarrhœa, cholera morbus, dysentery, cramps, colic, sickness of the stomach, and bowel complaint.

A married woman, having made a name, gives up her maiden name.

BRIGGS' GENUINE ELECTRIC OIL.—Electricity feeds the brain and muscles; in a word it is nature's food. The Electric Oil possesses all the qualities that it is possible to combine in a medicine, thereby giving it a wide range of application, as an internal and external remedy, for man and beast. The happiest results follow its use, and in nervous diseases, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, and kindred diseases, it has no equal.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

The fashions for children, and even for young girls, before they are emancipated from contrel by marriage, are very simple and sensible. The time has gone by when the elaborate designs for grown women were reduced in size merely for their young daughters, and among people of taste and intelligence, at le.s', it is now distinctly noticeable that childr.n, girls as well as boys, have styles of their own, which, instead of being modeled after those of adults, consist, especially in the case of girls, of quaint and picturesque, yet simple forms, which their mothers cannot wear on account of their unconventionality. A style of this kind, once introduced, cannot be gotten rid of, but is employed, season after season, planting its own seed, and reproducing itself without effort or regard to any attempt to supersede it. Such a style was the girls' "Princess" dress, and such also the square cut "Mother Hubbard." About the latter there is no novelty, nor is it a genuine "Mother Hubbard," which was full at the neck, while what is called the Mother Hubbard of to-day consists of straight breadths gathered to a plain, square yoke, exactly like what was known as the child's "French" apron years ago, only the apron was open upon the back, while the dress is closed, and the yoke in the dress instead of being the same, is often of contrasting material. For two years this dress has been growing in favor, until of late it has become so common that it is, to use a current expression, "run into the ground." This fate befalls most of the ideas of the day which are simple, and yet stylish and pretty, and then they are laid aside for a while, to be brought out again some time in the future. There is one subject of congratulation in the dress of little girls, and that is the failure to shorten the skirt to "ballet-girl" brevity. Every little while there is an effort to introduce from abroad some immorality of this description, and it is a matter for rejoicing that the sense and judgment of American mothers frown upon and discourage it so that it is given up, and the dress skirt retains its decent length. We use the term "immorality," advisedly, in connection with this subject: it is immoral, and tends to weaken all ideas of modesty and virtue in a child's mind, or rather hinders their development, for the poor little legs to be exhibited to, or above, the knee. Mothers must cultivate in the child those qualities by which they desire the woman to be distinguished, and if they disregard the first essentials of womanhood, they are to blame for the consequences.

The early fall clothing is of great importance to childhood. The change of the seasons produces disturbance which should be promptly met by additional or warmer under-clothing, care in this respect often preventing severe illness. Suitable underwear, protection in the way of cloaks, waterproofs, rubbers and hoods, procured in time, not waited for until the season is half over, is of far more importance than the silk dress or coveted article of jewelry. To do the mothers justice, however, it is not the desire to spend money on gewgaws that stands in the way of the acquisition of comfortable clothing for children half so much as the difficulty of procuring the necessary funds at the proper time from their husbands. Those men who do not put a regular part of the income into their wives' hands for family purposes or for clothing are usually inadequate in estimating the cost of even the most necessary articles, and often postpone their acquisition until the mischief they would have prevented has been done or much discomfort has been endured. The first thing to look out for in our changeable climate is warmth and protection from the effects of the sudden transitions; and we can best protect ourselves and our children by complete suits of woolen underwear, graded in thickness according to the season and temperature, and soft flannel or other all-wool dresses, whose very touch is sanitary. It is much better to put money into warmth and care and comfort for the children while they are young and can be helped by it, than to make childhood a misery and put money in the bank to be squandered, or in overmuch land to eat out the heart of young and old. It is easy to make pretty clothes at little expense, for materials are cheap enough; but the aggregate cost is *something* and should be amply provided for, particularly when the thrifty wife and mother saves more than half by doing her own sewing.

The designs illustrated in the present number show how fashionable is the combination of plain materials with checks and plaids in girls' costumes, and the pretty effects produced by this combination. The "Pauline" costume is a very pretty and becoming design, and can be utilized in different ways, in two contrasting colors, or in wool with velvet corslet and border to flounce, or in shepherd check with velvet mounting. It is also a good design for white muslin or any dressy material, pongee, foulard, nun's-veiling, or net with silk or satin border and bodice.

The "Emie" and "Ninetta" costumes are uncommon, yet easily made. The "Emie" is a pretty little princess dress, with full front and back attached to a square yoke and extending to the top of the plaited ruffles. The sides are mounted with little sash draperies, which should also be of the plaid material. The "Ninetta" costume is not so striking, but it is very dressy and adapted to lighter, more flowing materials, dotted nun's-veiling, muslin, cambric and the like. A lace-trimmed design is never suitable for school wear. The "Nyra" dress is suitable for flannel, velveteen, or any solid fabric upon which trimming can be laid flat. It gives the effect of a coat with full shirt-front, below which is a short plaited skirt. The sash is not really required, and may be omitted, or it may be put on as a bow at the back and omitted from the front. The "Carola" skirt will please those who like trimming and draperies. It is a very effective design in thin, dotted materials, with silk pinked-out ruffling the color of the dots. It may be accompanied by the "Cassie" basque, with full or plaited vest front of silk matching that used upon the skirt.

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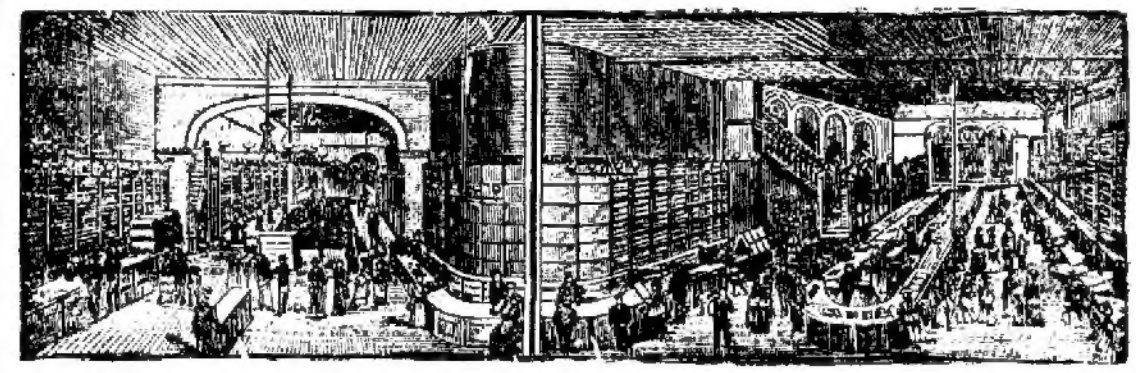

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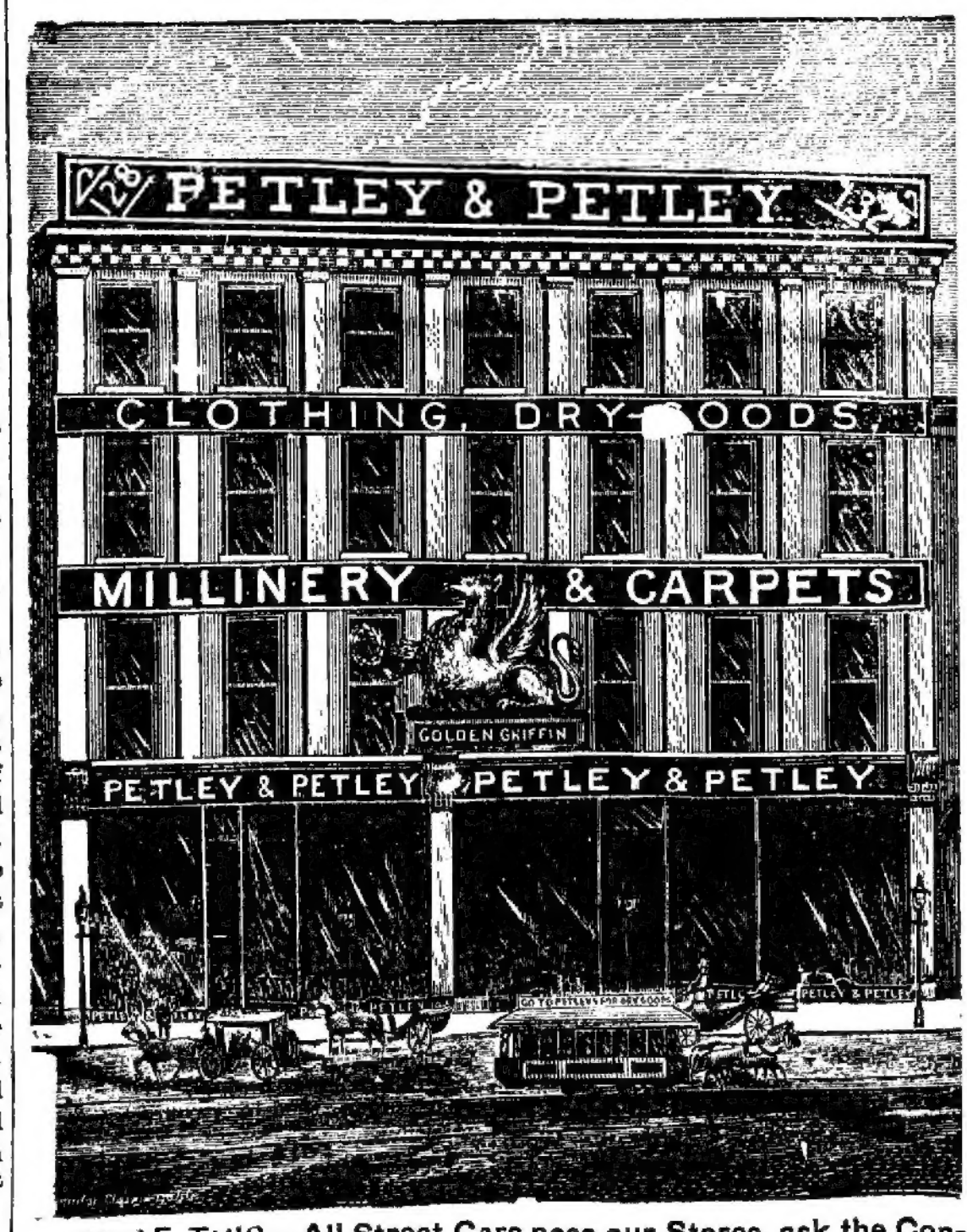

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128 to 132 King St., East.

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AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Is a highly concentrated extract of Sarsaparilla and other blood-purifying roots, combined with Iodide of Potassium and Iron, and is the safest, most reliable, and most economical blood-purifier that can be used. It invariably expels all blood poisons from the system, enriches and renews the blood, and restores its vitalizing power. It is the best known remedy for **Scrofula and all Scrofulous Complaints, Erysipelas, Eczema, Ringworm, Blotches, Sores, Boils, Tumors, and Eruptions of the Skin,** as also for all disorders caused by a thin and impoverished, or corrupted, condition of the blood, such as **Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Gout, General Debility, and Scrofulous Catarrh.**

Inflammatory Rheumatism Cured.

"AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has cured me of the Inflammatory Rheumatism, with which I have suffered for many years.
W. H. MOORE."

Durham, Ia., March 2, 1882.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

Archbishop Elder has addressed a letter to the clergy and laity, giving reasons for not inaugurating active measures for liquidation the indebtedness of the late Archbishop Purcell. He says it would be an act of injustice and oppression on his part to declare the debt a diocesan one. He will, however, do all in his power towards collecting subscriptions for the discharge of the obligation.

The English Presbyterians are accustomed to put forth an annual address to the children of the denomination on New Year's day. The address for next New Year's is to be drawn up by Rev. John Edmond, Highbury, London, who has long held the first place among the London clergy as a preacher to children. The beautiful custom is very popular, and the next annual address is looked forward to with unusual interest.

ÆSTHETIC GARTERS.

In the balmy days of our mothers a simple band of blue or red cotton elastic, void of all decoration, excepting the neat hand-sewed seam that completed the circle which embraced the leg, was thought sufficient for the most exacting, but since the æsthetic wave has swept over the land, causing poppies and lilies to blossom on copper kettles and tin caddies and panels of sunflowers and hollyhocks to spring up before washstands, defunct wardrobes and all the eyes-sores usually relegated to cellars and garrets, the rubber garter has also been touched up with the pencil of beauty and grace and to-day will stand comparison with many of the novelties designed for love tokens. Their use is permissible to either sex, and the daintiest garters that design can create and skill fancy are found alike in dry goods stores, jewellery house, and with firms carrying gents' first-class furnishing goods. Cotton elastic is a thing of the past, and the cheapest garter that refined taste will permit is composed of silk rubber neatly fastened with a silk crow-foot or a couple of feather stitches. This rubber can be had in all the high colors, and beside being pretty and trim has the added charm of durability, for it is impossible to wear a good silk garter out in a year.

If, however, the cotton is most convenient, the band is covered with a hem of soft silk gathered very full and embellished with a large bow or roset of the same material. This little garter can be bought for $1.50, the actual cost being fifty cents, and the rest of the sum is charged for style.

There is a gentle element, and man may breath it with a calm, unruffled soul, and drink its living waters till his heart is pure, and this is human happiness.—N. P. Willis.

No grace is more necessary to the Christian worker than fidelity; the humble grace that marches on in sunshine and storm when no banners are waving, and there is no music to cheer the weary feet.—S. J. Nicholls.

INVALUABLE TO EVERY LADY.

"MAYDEW,"

The Great French Lotion for Beautifying the Face.

It conceals the evidence of age. One application will make the most sunburnly red and rough hands beautifully soft and white. Remember that "MAY DEW" is not a paint or powder that will fill up the pores of the skin, and that is injurious to the skin, but a new and great discovery, a vegetable liquid, that causes the cheek to glow with health, the neck, arms and hands to rival Ice Lily in whiteness. Impossible to detect in the beauty it confers any artificial character. It cures Greasy Skin, Freckles, Wrinkles, Pimples, Black Heads, Crow's Feet, Blotches, Face Grubs, Sun Burn, Tan, Ringworm, Chapped Hands, Sore or Chapped Lips, Barber's Itch, Tetters, etc. It frees the pores, oil glands, and tubes from the injurious effects of powders and cosmetic washes. By its use all redness and roughness is prevented; it beautifies the skin, and will make it soft, smooth and white, imparting a delicate softness; producing a perfectly healthy, natural and youthful appearance. The best face lotion that the world ever produced. We will send a large bottle to any address on receipt of price—one dollar. When ordering mention this paper.

Address all letters to

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—IN—

"LADIES" JOURNAL.

BIBLE COMPETITION.

No. 7.

CLOSING SEPTEMBER 11.

Open to the World.

GREAT CLUB OFFER.

The Leading Rewards are Lot 50x150 at Toronto Junction, Pianos, Organs, Sewing Machines, Gold and Silver Watches, Silver Tea Sets, &c.

The proprietor of the *Ladies' Journal* now announces a magnificent list of rewards for correct answers to Bible questions. It is surprising how little is known of the Bible. The questions are not so difficult this time as last, and there should be a hearty response. It was announced in the June issue of the *Ladies' Journal* that the competition which closed last month would be the last for the present, but it has been decided to try one more.

All money must be sent by post office or express. No information will be given to any one more than is stated here. So send on answers and don't waste time writing. Do not send postage stamps unless six cents is added for the discount. Remit by postoffice order, script or small coin.

THE BIBLE QUESTIONS.

1st.—Is DIAMOND referred to in the Bible? If so state first reference.
2nd.—Is EMERALD made mention of in the Bible If so state first reference.
3rd.—Is SAPPHIRE spoken of in the Bible? If so, state first reference.
These all refer to the precious stones.

Now, any one having a knowledge of the Scriptures ought to be able promptly to answer these questions with a little study, and so secure one of those rewards. Bear in mind every one competing must send FIFTY CENTS with their answers, for which the *Ladies' Journal* will be sent one year to any address. If you answer each of the questions correctly and your answers are in time you are sure to secure one of these costly rewards.

THE FIRST REWARDS.

1.—One Elegant Rosewood Piano, a magnificent instrument.....$525 00
2.—One Fine Cabinet Organ by Bell & Co., Guelph 250 00
3.—One Beautiful quadruple plate, finely chased Silver Tea Service, six pieces 110 00
4.—One Lady's fine Gold Hunting Case genuine Elgin watch..... 100 00
5 to 12—Seven heavy Black Silk Dress patterns 420 00
13 to 23.—Twelve solid quadruple plate Ice Pitchers 440 00
24 to 47.—Twenty-four Ladies' solid coin Silver Watches..... 960 00
61.—Fourteen Solid quadruple plate Cake Baskets..... 168 00
62 to 89.—Twenty-eight Solid quadruple plate Cruet Stands, 6 bottles..... 280 00
90 to 111.—Twenty-two renowned Waterbury Watches..... 11 00
112 to 179.—Sixty-eight volumes of World's Cyclopedia—Library in itself..... 194 00
180 to 227.—Forty-eight solid rolled gold Brooches, elegant patterns..... 144 00

The above two hundred and twenty-seven costly rewards will be given to the first two hundred and twenty-seven persons who send correct answers to the Bible questions given above. Then come the

MIDDLE REWARDS.

1.—A lot 50x150 in excellent position at Toronto Junction; clear title, and will be shortly worth double or treble its present value.....$250 00
2.—A very fine cabinet Organ, by Bell & Co 235 00
3 to 10.—Eight celebrated Williams Sewing Machines..... 520 00
11 to 13.—Three Ladies' Solid Gold Hunting-case Genuine Elgin Watches.. 300 00
14 to 20.—Seven fine heavy Black Silk Dresses 720 00
21 to 37.—Seventeen Solid quadruple plate Ice Pitchers..... 480 00
38 to 58.—Twenty-two Ladies' fine coin Silver Hunting-case Watches..... 550 00
59 to 81.—Twenty three beautiful heavy Silver-plate Dresets..... 315 00
82 to 211.—One hundred and thirty volumes Chambers' Cyclopedia..... 295 30
212 to 279.—Two hundred and sixty-eight solid Rolled Gold Brooches, beautiful patterns 603 00
280 to 329.—Fifty-three Triple Silver-plate Rat or Knives..... 53 00

The lot at West Toronto above described will be given to the person sending the middle correct answer *of the whole competition from first to last*, and the five hundred and thirty-one rewards following the middle one will be presented to the five hundred and thirty-one persons sending the next correct answers following the middle one. So you can compete any time and be almost sure to get something in addition to the *Ladies' Journal*, which is great value for the half dollar subscription. Then follow the

CONSOLATION REWARDS

1.—One gentleman's solid gold stem-winding and stem-setting genuine Elgin Watch $100
2.—One fine quadruple plate Silver Tea Set, 6 pieces..... 100 00
3.—One ladies' solid gold stem-winding and stem-setting genuine Elgin Watch..... 95 00
4 to 7.—Four fine heavy Black Silk Dress Patterns..... 240 00
8 to 19.—Twelve quadruple plate Ice Pitchers finely chased..... 360 00
20 to 31.—Twelve Genuine Coin Silver Hunting-case Ladies' Watches.... 300 00
32 to 50.—Nineteen Fine Black Cashmere Dress Patterns..... 380 00
51 to 68.—Nineteen fine quadruple Silver Plate Cake Baskets..... 228 00
70 to 100.—Thirty-one beautiful bound volumes Hood's Poems..... 93 00
101 to 157.—Fifty-seven fine rolled gold Brooches 171 00

The list of consolation rewards will be given to the *last* one hundred and fifty-seven persons who send correct answers to the Bible questions given above. But bear in mind, your letter must bear the postmark where mailed of the 11th September, the closing day of the competition. Fifteen days will be allowed after closing day for letters, from distant points to reach the *Ladies' Journal* office. But you can, of course, send in any time between now and the 11th of September, and your letter will take its place at the publication office in the order it arrives there. All letters are carefully numbered as they arrive, and there can be no mistake. If your answers are correct, and they reach there in time, you will surely get some reward in addition to *The Ladies' Journal*, which alone is big value for the half dollar. If you don't get anything but the *Journal* you will be well pleased with your investment, as it consists of 20 pages of fashions, illustrated, short and serial stories, poetry, newest music, household hints, etc., etc.; in fact, just the paper, to suit every lady.

By subscribing in a club with your neighbors you will secure some considerable advantages—that is, there must be least thirty of a club, and all who send correct answers to the Bible questions may have their choice of a handsome ring, heavily gold-plated ladies' gold brooch, which retails at about one dollar and a half, or a triple-plated butter knife. Either of these you may wish will be sent postage paid. You will thus secure to a certainty one or other of those two presents, and in addition will have as good an opportunity of gaining some one of the other large rewards in lists given above just as well as though you had sent in singly. This is simply an inducement to get up clubs. We are sure our readers could not do better than to try their skill in hunting up these questions and competing for these rewards. Everything will be carried out exactly as promised

Prizes in last competition went all over Canada and to many parts of the United States.

Address, Editor LADIES' JOURNAL, Toronto, Canada.

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Barney's Courtship.
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Come, Beautiful Dorino.
Sweet Violets.
Lily, Dear Lily.
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Clara. Valse Caprice.
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I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen.
Nodine Maurine.
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Good Bye, Mavourneen.
A Broken Ring of Gold.
The Daphne Mazurka.
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I'll Wait Till the Clouds Roll By.
Father, Sign the Pledge To-night.

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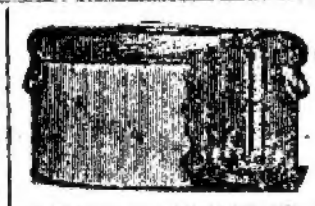

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